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THE JERUSALEM  
**POST**

MAGAZINE

**CHETAMERIA**



A LOOK AT MEXICO Pages 20-21

JULY 14, 1972

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# DREAMING ABOUT MAKING MONEY?



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# BEREM: An agonising decision



The ruins of Berem. At left, kibbutz: Barum.

By Ya'acov Friedler

THE case of the former villagers of Berem (Baram) and Ikrit, "refugees in our own country," as they style themselves, is still a festering wound on the body politic, 24 years after their evacuation for security reasons. Yet, at the risk of appearing frivolous, after listening to all sides, we can not but recall the story of the old rebbe who would be all things to all men. On hearing the plaintiff in a case he tried, the rebbe nodded. "You are right." Then he heard the respondent and assured him, "You are right." When his headle pointed out that he was impossible for both sides to be in the right, the old rebbe considered the situation for a few moments and then told the headle, quite unabashedly, "You are right too."

Thus if the Prime Minister, to whom a final decision was referred this week, rules that the villagers are not to be allowed back to their Lebanese border villages, in which, by the way, only the churches still stand, not only will they go on nursing their grievance, but they will almost certainly arouse much sympathy both in Israel and abroad. They already have the declared support of the Catholic Church and the High Court ruled for them in 1961. But if they are permitted to return, and something happens that shows that security considerations did indeed exist, it will be too late to do anything about it. Nobody is likely to acquiesce to a second evaluation of the two villages. So Mrs. Meir is not to be envied in her task as final arbitrator in this matter. Unlike the rebbe, she faces the agonising risk of being wrong.

Of the 600 persons who consider themselves "residents of Ikrit," though many of them were born after the evacuation, the majority now live at Ramleh, village, overlooking the Acre-Safad highway. They are remarkably well organized, and even have an official spokesman, O'ni Sbeit, 41. When I arrived at the village on Tuesday morning, he soon left his job at a local block-making

site to welcome me with lemonade, Turkish coffee and cigarettes in his home. Equally remarkable: within five minutes the house was full of other "refugees from Ikrit," most of them relatives. "Even the children who have never seen Ikrit consider themselves children of Ikrit," a nursing mother proudly informed me. "They are imbued with the yearning for Ikrit with their mothers' milk."

## 1948 surrender

"In Ikrit we had 24,000 dunams of land. We didn't resist the Israeli Army during the Independence War. We sat under our white flags and welcomed the army as liberators. We have Israeli identity cards, we are not absentees. We were asked to evacuate the village for 15 days, and were promised we would be allowed back afterwards," Mr. Sbeit told me in practically a single breath.

"In 1961 we took our grievance to the High Court. That's the highest place of justice, isn't it? Beyond the High Court there is only God above. We had no way of appealing to Him so we appealed to the High Court, and the High Court justified our cause and gave us the order permitting our return. Our houses were still standing then, but we were not allowed back," he continued. (This is because military judgment takes precedence over court judgments in an area under military jurisdiction.) Nevertheless, they had been loyal to Israel, "100 per cent loyal. Some of our sons served voluntarily in the Army; we have a seren (captain) in the Army right now. One of our boys was partially paralysed while serving with the Army along the Gaza Strip 15 years ago. Many of our boys are in the Border Police, the Prison Service. We have proved our loyalty—it is, I think, no longer in doubt."

Why then had they been satisfied to live in Ramleh, Safad and other places for 24 years, and renewed their campaign to return only now? "We were never satisfied, we only kept quiet," Mr. Sbeit and his assistants corrected me. But when Archbishop Joseph Raya arrived in Israel four years

ago to head the Greek Catholic Community, of which all the people of Ikrit are members, "he undertook to take up our case. Now that Moshe Dayan has announced the forthcoming cancellation of the 'closed areas' along the border, we called on our bishop to make good on his promise. Don't forget we held our demonstration (a fortnight ago) in his residence, and not anywhere else."

He noted that only a few families agreed to take the compensation the government had offered over the years, and waive their "right to return." "We are not living well. Some of us have acquired houses of our own but most live in crowded little houses, almost in inhuman conditions," a fact he later underlined by taking me to some of the rented hovels they live in. "But we don't mind suffering as long as we can eventually go back."

## Learned from Zionism

Zionism, according to Mr. Sbeit, "has been an object lesson for us. The Jews suffered 2,000 years but never gave up their dream to return. You were offered Uganda, you could live well in many countries, but you never gave up. Nor will we." He noted that even if he wished to better his position "until we can go back," it would cost him IL40,000 just to buy a dunam of land in Ramleh and more to build a house on it. "I can't afford it. But even if I could I would not build. I have my land in Ikrit and I want to go back to it."

I mentioned that the night before the Defence Ministry said on a TV interview that both the present Chief of Staff and his predecessor had counselled against the return to Ikrit and Berem, for security reasons. "Security is not like shit, to be used with every food," Mr. Sbeit countered in a gentle and disarming manner. "We have our rights as citizens of Israel, and loyal citizens at that." They were also upset that "the Beduin who used to be our she-

pherds in Ikrit," were allowed to stay on the border, "and those papers now have villas while we live in hovels."

How did they envision their return if Mrs. Meir rules in favour of it? "Of course the government will build homes for us; after all, they destroyed ours, blew them up," Mr. Sbeit assured me, as his disciples nodded vigorously. He took out a carefully kept list of all "the people of Ikrit." As to the lands, "we stand by Archbishop Raya's statement that we'll be satisfied with those parts of our lands that have not been allocated to the Jewish villages established in the area. We'll farm the lands that are still empty. To make ends meet we'll enrry on our outside jobs. The main thing is to return, everything else is secondary."

We returned to Mr. Dayan's statement. "We live in a democratic country. What he said contradicted democracy and the High Court order," he said with great care. "But we appeal to Mr. Dayan through *The Jerusalem Post*, to him and his conscience. He is a strong man. He has made Israel safe, let him not give us an unfair deal. After all, Ikrit is six kilometres from the border. That's quite a way. Dayan will know how to make Ikrit safe, and safe for us."

And what if Mrs. Meir ruled against them, since at their meeting with Deputy Premier Yigal Allon earlier this month, they undertook to accept her decision as final and binding? "We simply do not believe she will. A negative ruling will be no solution. We are grateful to Ramleh for having us for 24 years, but we feel like strangers in our own country. We want to go home, and we believe in the justice of Israel."

## One km. from border

The villagers of Berem, a kilometre from the Lebanese border, are Maronites. Since their evacuation during the Independence War most of the 1,900 villagers, who include many children born since then, have lived in Gush Halav (Jish) village. Others live in Acre, various Western Galilee villages and in Haifa, according to one of their leaders, Jad Suleiman, now secretary of the Gush Halav local council, a job he "would give up tomorrow if we were only allowed back to Berem." A few moments after I started talking to him in his council office, the room was filled with former Beremites who left their jobs, mainly as building workers, to come and talk about Berem and "The Return."

To them the matter is quite simple. "Israel's wars are over." (Continued on next page)

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They still come from Gush Halav to bury their dead in the old cemetery at Berem.



The church at Ikrit is now being restored, the workers using it as a dormitory for the time being.

# BEREM

(Continued from previous page)

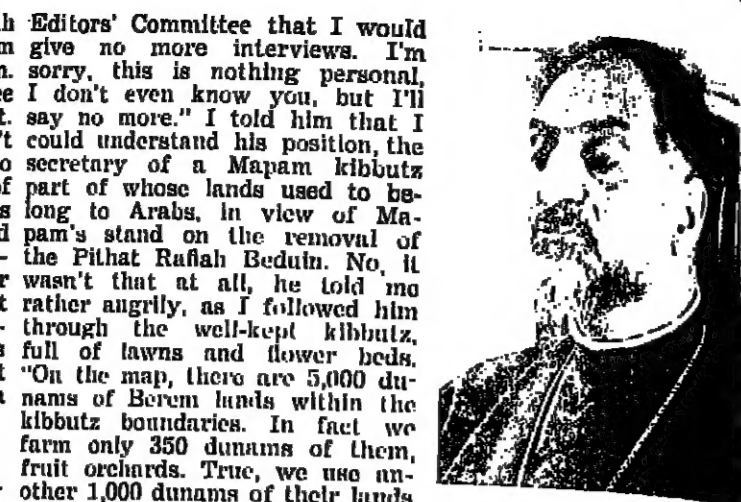
After the Six Day War and the defeat of the terrorists, Israel has nothing more to fear. The country is safe. We can go back, they told me happily. Less unanimous than the villagers of Kfarit, their conversation was marked by frequent arguments among themselves as how best to put their case. "Until now we kept quiet, because Israel had so many other troubles. But we never forgot or let the authorities forget that we want to go back. We always sent letters and not a year passed without our meeting former Premier David Ben-Gurion or one of his aides or representatives," they said.

They too stressed their "100 per cent loyalty to Israel, which gives us the right to demand our rights. We should be rewarded for our loyalty, and now that the Army keeps the borders quiet with a strong hand our return will be no longer dangerous in any way." They said that many of them live in crowded conditions, some in unsafe houses, and cannot afford to improve their situation, but they "wouldn't dream of taking compensation," which all but a very few had rejected. They took me to the little shikun homes the Lands Authority had built for some of them in the fifties, two-room houses occupied by up to 10 or even 12 adults and children, though I did notice a TV set, refrigerator and fully automatic washing machine crowded into one of them.

"I was born in Gush Halav but I live in Berem," is how one 16-year-old high-school pupil explained his situation to me. They claimed that economically they were "much worse" off now than in their old Berem farming days. How did they envision their return? "The government will rebuild our houses which they blew up in 1953. As to the 12,000 dunams of land we owned, we'll

come to an arrangement with the Dovev village and Kibbutz Baram give no more interviews. I'm that now farm part of them. sorry, this is nothing personal. Don't worry, we'll be like three I don't even know you, but I'll brothers, we'll reach agreement. say no more." I told him that I After all, we are cousins, aren't could understand his position, the we? The main thing is to go secretary of a Mafam kibbutz back." Ibrahim Issa, a member of part of whose lands used to be their committee added, "It is long to Arabs, in view of Ma-enough that we won't be called pam's stand on the removal of refugees or displaced persons any- the Pithat Rufah Beduin. No, it more." Himself a building worker wasn't that at all, he told me now, he shrewdly noted that building may be good for an- through the well-kept kibbutz, other 10 years, but farming is full of lawns and flower beds. "On the map, there are 5,000 du- the kibbutz boundaries. In fact we nams of Berem lands within the fruit orchards. True, we use an- other 1,000 dunams of their lands for grazing, but I assure you that it is virtually worthless." He stressed that "Berem is not our problem, it's the government's. If the government decides they should return we won't stand in their way. We'll welcome the decision. Believe me we have very friendly relations with them. We visit each other and attend each other's feasts. I believe we are friends. I believe that an injustice has been done to them."

**Ice in the kibbutz**  
Compared to the eager wel- come in Rameh and Jish, where the displaced villagers were only too eager to pour out their hearts, the reception at Kibbutz Baram was icy. Secretary Yitzhak "Itzko" Maestro told me curtly that he would not talk to any more newspapermen about Berem. "We talked freely, because we have nothing to hide and have no pang of conscience and your colleagues exploited this and distort- ed what I told them. I have in- formed the Daily Newspapers



Greek Catholic Archbishop Makarios takes up the Maronites' case.

Provoked by my questioning he revealed that "in 1953 we tried to prevent their houses being blown up. We succeeded for 24 hours but then we were thrown out." He went on to say that if their return obliged the Kibbutz to give up the former Berem lands, "we shall agree to that. In fact, if the government wants us to, we'll leave and maybe become refugees ourselves," he added with a bitter smile. At this point he realized that for a man who wasn't talking he had said a lot, and rebuked me for not respecting his vow of silence. As- suring me once more that he was much in sympathy with the Be- remites he went off to his work, but not before I had got out of him that the kibbutzniks had actually lived in the homes of Berem for over a year before they went into their permanent quarters. But he assured me once more that Baram would not be the stumbling-block hindering the Beremites return.

**No land to spare**  
At Dovev village, the first man I met assured me that "alto- gether we have 450 dunams of land, all orchards, not more than eight and a half dunams per family. We can't give up any land, we have hardly enough as it is. But if the people of Berem return, let Haran give them lands. In fact it wouldn't be such a bad idea for them to give us a bit too. God knows they're al- ways trying to nibble away some of ours." Hastily he assured me that all the lands the 20-year-old village now farmed had been fal- low when they arrived, useless for anything but very poor graz- ing. "It all had to be cleared of stones before it got into any sort of shape, so I don't think we have to give anything back to Berem if the villagers return."

The villager, a young man who asked to remain anonymous, said he personally objected to the re- settlement of Berem, for security and social reasons. "I am involved in security and I feel that their return would be a security risk." He feared that even if they were "100 per cent loyal" which he had no reason to doubt, "with the exception of one or two, maybe three, who are not living in Gush Halav and are suspected under tremendous pressure from operate. He "didn't think they'd throw bombs, but they might be exploited for intelligence purposes." He hinted that "there have been cases" of a former one" having been involved in the smuggling of gold "and perhaps in his opinion it would be but a small step from smug- gling to being forced to pass in- formation. Furthermore, we are a reli-

gious village, and "we it would not be advisable to our children to mix with re Jews." He said that "it is a matter of life or death it seem to have settled well, espe- ly those in Haifa, and they stay. Perhaps if only those I Gush Halav wanted to return, could live with them, but no permission is granted, one or draw a line." He was sorry, he had nothing personal against the villagers, but he preferred to the situation remain as it was. Another villager darkly hinted that "there is a Jewish right behind the whole campaign, he is not losing money as he he could not substantiate a charge in any way. Both agree that if the government de- cide for a return "We'll live in the decision. The terrorists don't get us to leave, and we can leave for any other reason either," they said.

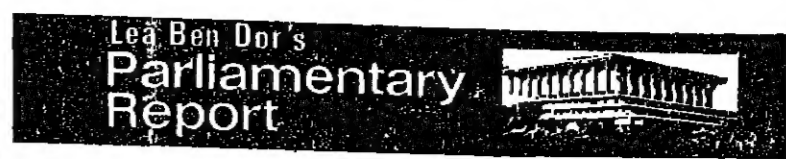
The villagers of Shomera, a farm part of the former Berem lands, have taken a far more radical stand. Their sec- ond the press when the re- settlement started. "We shall go up as one man and leave Be- mera" if Kfarit is resettled. The main objection is that there is not enough land for two vil- lages in the area, since they can- not own allotment too small to yield a living, because of the poor quality of the soil.

**Earliest synagogue**  
And finally there is Berem, mainly a National Parks area, the sake of its magnificent ruins. "Third Century synagogue, which has been largely preserved. It is said to be one of the earliest and best preserved synagogues in the country, built when Galilee was developing as the centre of Jewish life following the Roman destruction of Jerusalem in 70 C.E. and the crushing of the Bar Kochba revolt in 135 A.D. The village church, which is being repaired and reconstructed by an elderly former Berem man who like several others calls himself "the mukhtar," was built by Thanel Tillinsky, the regional antiquities inspector.

He told us that though Berem has yielded the big synagogue, and must have been an im- portant Jewish centre, its ancient origins have so far defied his- torical confirmation. I looked over the ruins of the Berem homes, and found what he had suspected: that in 24 years they had become bigger and bet- ter than their former owners' in- ginations than they were in the actual stones, some of which, he incidentally, had certainly been in the past. Indeed Mr. Tillinsky assured me that the village was standing on the ruins of a pre- vious settlement, which in fact had been built on the remains of a yet earlier one. And that, perhaps, may be the answer. The past is dead and has died. Or, as a young settler in Baram put it, "If the villagers of Berem base their claim on the past, then the synagogue proves that we were there before them."

# TWO REBELS and THREE CAUSES

IN a marathon five-hour ses- sion on Wednesday the drag- ging coalition crisis was settled as though by accident. The long- delayed direct elections bill finally moved through the first stage, and with a great deal of luck may be ready for the elections due in 1977; the N.R.P., with audibly grinding teeth, abstained on the halachic conversion bill; a bill proposed by Mr. Begin (Gahal) for elections next October was thrown out without much diffi- culty.



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**B**UT it had not been easy. The vote on Mr. Gideon Hausner's controversial substitute marriage bill, which caused the coalition crisis, was unceremoniously post- poned by a vote of the Presi- dium, with only the two Gahal members voting in favour in the hope of keeping the crisis alive. Mr. Hausner says, rather un- happily, that he never expected any crisis to develop. His claims that "the N.R.P." was not op- posed to the bill. This would provide civil marriage for Jews not eligible for regular marriage because of one of the several existing bans, such as marriage between a Cohen and a divorcee (but of course not for persons forbidden to marry because of blood relationship). It seems that Mr. Unna, who was long the chair- man of the Knesset laws com- mittee, had favoured the bill, but he is no longer in the Knesset, and of the current members no one seems anxious to admit to favouring it. Unwilling to grad- uate a crisis, Mr. Hausner would have been willing to agree to postpone the vote if freedom to vote as they pleased had been granted to Alignment members then. Mrs. Meir was not willing to agree to this, and have the crisis start all over again. This left Mr. Hausner stiff on the hook on which he had impaled himself, and he was got down by the rather crude rescue action of the Presidium.

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**N**EVERTHELESS it was clear from the firm tone employed by Mrs. Meir in replying to the Aguda motion for conversion (of immigrants) to be recognized only if it was performed accord- ing to full halachic requirements, that the mere presentation of the bill has gone far to serve its purpose. In his original speech Mr. Hausner had recalled some words of the late Moshe Sharett when the Knesset agreed to leave all matters of personal status of Jews to the Rabbinate. "We have yielded up much. It will remain for the Rabbinate to show by its actions that we were right to do so." In the intervening years religious speakers have taken the attitude that the decisions of the Rabbinate are exclusively the Rabbinate's business, and the population, dependent on the Rabbinate for marriage, divorce and burial, was not entitled to any view or opinion in the mat- ter. Mrs. Meir said most force- fully that we live now and not a thousand years ago, and that mat- ters must be so arranged as to make life tolerable for immi- grants and others. Fortunately Jewish law has always been of- ficiently open to stringent and lenient interpretation. Rabbi Goren, the long-term Army Chief Chaplain, if he is elected Chief Rabbi, may well accept that Is- raeli rebirth is the true successor to the ancient Eretz Israel and not once more entitled to a living case he no longer sounds like his old self since he has dropped the editorial "we" and dropped down to speaking of himself in the singular.

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**E**VEN if work on the bill pro- ceeds smoothly everybody will have five years in which to get

AMONG the merits cited by speakers for the constituency elections bill was the greater in- dependence of members elected directly by the public, and not simply by virtue of having been placed on a list by the party cabals that decide our fate in this way. It was of interest to observe that two members elected by the present system simply re- fused party discipline this week and acted as they thought fit. Mr. Moshe Carmel, the Ashdud Ha'avoda stalwart and sometime Cabinet minister, did not vote for the change in the election sys- tem because he does not agree with it. There was a time, when Mr. Ben-Gurion first sought to introduce the change in order to obtain a stable government, when only a small proportion of Mapai favoured the change. One member in those days called it a "get rich quick bill" to provide a majority where none existed, and for some time it was no more than a chimera pursued by the Rafi faction. We now have 11 or 13 parties, depending on how you count, including two with one seat each, and two independent members. Mr. Zadok, who pre- sented the Alignment bill, argued that a majority party was needed for stable government, and that the constituency system would force splinters to rejoin the larger parties.

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**T**HE other rebel was Mr. Av- ner Sclaky, (N.R.P.) who in- furiated the rest of his party which had agreed after much soul searching to abstain on the vote on halachic conversion, by exhib- iting a conscience more delicate than that of his colleagues, and voting in favour. The Chief Rab- bis, asked for a hehshar (kash- rut certificate) to abstain on the law, delivered themselves of mys- terious replies worthy of a Del- phic oracle, not wishing to agree, and fearing to refuse. The best reply came from Rabbi Solovitchik in New York, long a candidate for Chief Rabbi, who said that they should use their own judge-

ment. Looking wan and exhaust- ed, with black rings under their eyes after a night spent in tradi- tional dispute, the N.R.P. mem- bers seemed to hope until the last moment that somebody would save them from having to take Rabbi Solovitchik's advice. Finally, one condition of their agreeing to abstain was that the whole party should do so, as though the Alignment had more power over Mr. Sclaky's conscience than they do. It was unkind and uncollegial of Mr. Sclaky to vote in favour of the Aguda, and back in their blessings and shouts of praise. His conscience may be clear, but he has not improved his standing in his party.



Moshe Carmel does not agree. (Yisraeli)

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- WEDNESDAY:** Gush Etzion, explanation of Battle of Lamed-Heh, Kiryat Arba (Jewish settlement of Hebron), Bothlehem, Mt. of Olives, Mt. Scopus, Ammunition Hill, Yad Vashem — Rev. J.S. Grauel (crew of Exodus), Military Cemetery, meet with Israeli official.

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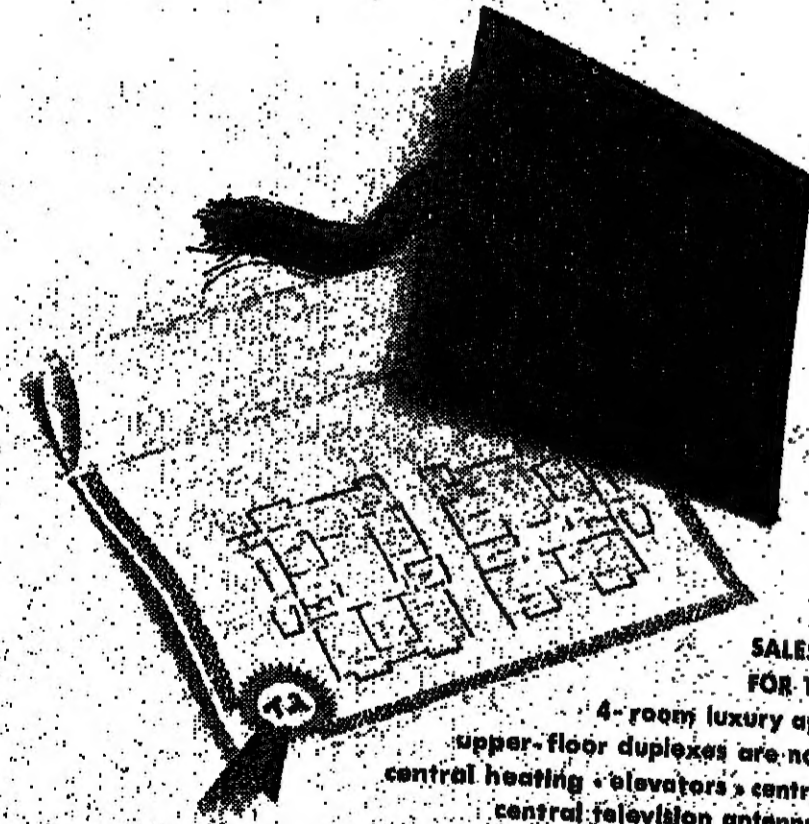
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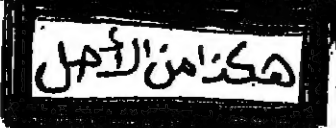
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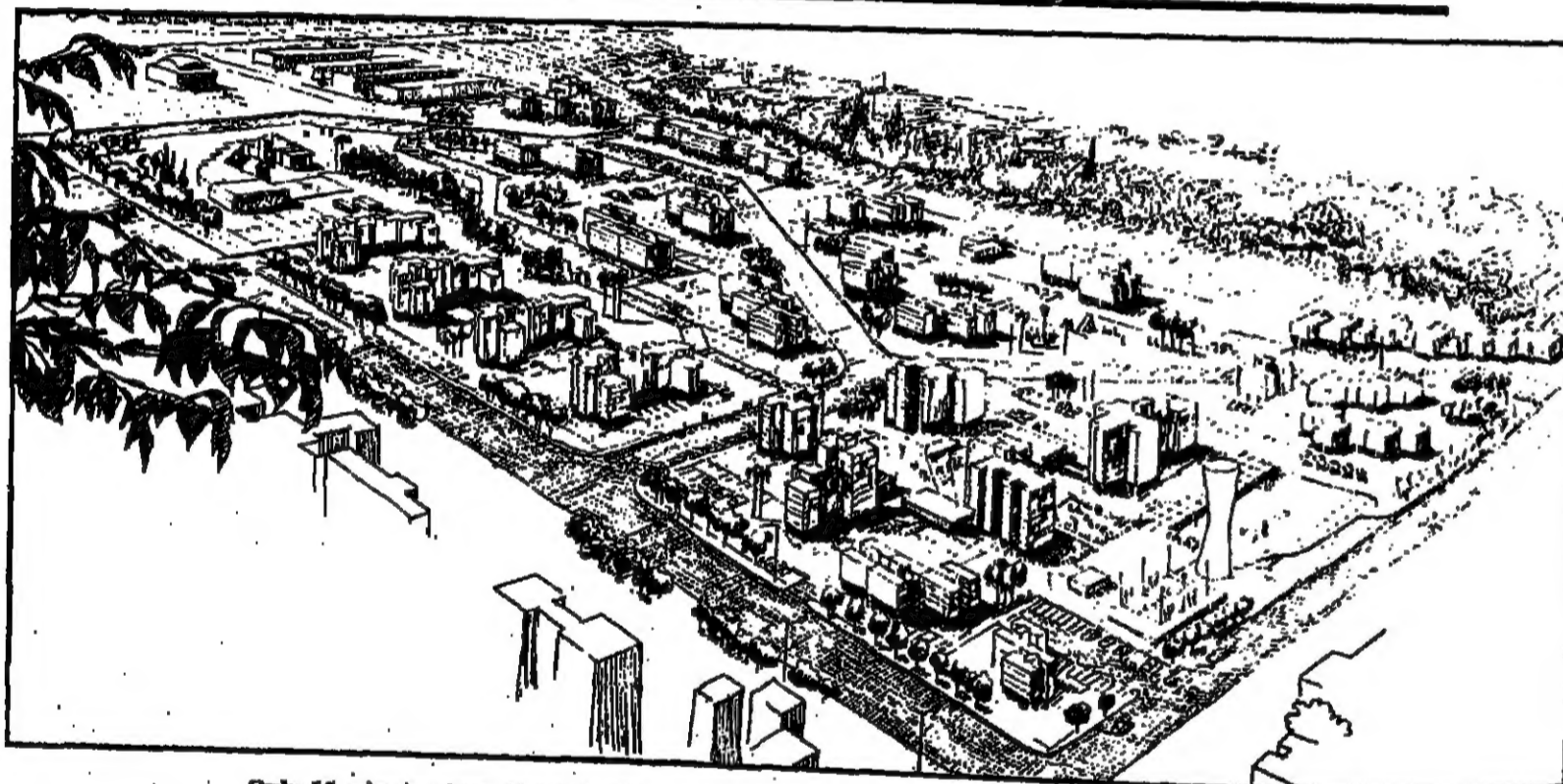


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October 3, 1972

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## The man behind electoral reform

No man of politics better deserves the title "architect of electoral reform in Israel" than Dov Joseph, best known as former Minister of Justice for the Labour Party. He it was who directed the thinking, planning and study which went into the private member's bill by seven Alignment M.K.s, outlining the first step in electoral reform as an amendment to the Basic Law: Knesset, which had its first reading on Wednesday. Asher Wallfish hears Dr. Joseph explain the plan.

THE Montreal born advocate, who came to this country as a Jewish Legion volunteer in World War I alongside former Premier David Ben-Gurion and the late President Izhak Ben-Zvi, argued the necessity of elections according to a constituency system along Western (British or American) principles, even before the State was established in 1948. Dr. Joseph assumed top-rank responsibilities as a member of the Jewish Agency Executive for Mapai between 1943 and 1946. He became a national figure, as Military Governor of Jerusalem during the 1948 siege, when it took more than doggedness and resolution of an ordinary man to keep Jewish Jerusalem together — hungry, thirsty, hard pressed and sometimes doubtful of survival as it was.

His name became synonymous with austerity, when he served as Minister of Supply and rationing in 1949-50. Since then he served in a wide range of Cabinet posts: Transport, Agriculture, Health, Commerce, and Development, along with his two terms in the Justice Ministry. In the last of these, between 1961 and 1965, he laid the foundations for much of the legislative planning which only came to fruition in the days of his successor, the recently resigned Justice Minister Y. S. Shapiro, his pupil in the late 1920s and then a staff member in his private law firm.

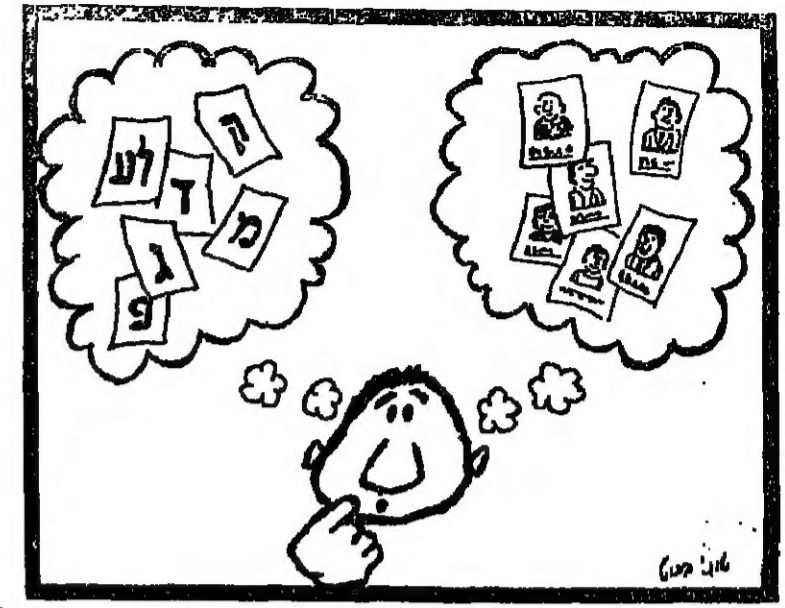


Dov Joseph

Dr. Joseph plays no active role in political life nowadays. But he seems busier than he ever was. He devotes long days to the manuscript of a book, in which he will sum up the political, social and economic development of the State as only a former Minister with such experienced eyes as his could do. It is hoped that it will complement the monumental work of former Premier Ben-Gurion, adding the objective political insight, at ministerial and coalition level, for which the broad sweep of B.G.'s work and his lack of concern for detail leaves a need.

The debate about constituency elections began in Mandate times, Dr. Joseph recalls, mentioning a comprehensive article by veteran journalist and political commentator Moshe Medini (who wrote often in the editorial columns of *The Jerusalem Post*). "Ben-Gurion only adopted the present proportional representation system, I'm convinced, because 1948 conditions of war and turmoil left him no other choice," Dr. Joseph declared. "There was no practical way of dividing up the country into constituencies quickly enough, and in any case parts of the South and the Negev were still under enemy occupation at the time of the first election. After the war ended the Prime Minister was beset with a thousand and one problems which loomed larger in the public mind. And, in any case, it appeared to many so convenient and unproblematic just to carry on with the system hallowed by tradition at World Zionist Congresses — which caused no friction among the parties."

Mapai, the forerunner of today's Labour Party, put electoral reform into its election manifesto as early as 1954. Dr. Joseph re-



calls. The decision then, for 120 single-member constituencies was carried within the Mapai Secretariat by 52 votes to six. In October, 1959, a bill for regional elections was debated in the Knesset but it was defeated by a vote of 72 to 40. Two years after that, Mapai tabled a bill to hold a referendum on the question of electoral reform along constituency lines. This was actually voted to the Knesset Law, Constitution and Justice Committee by a vote of 58:42, but it died a natural death in committee.

It was 10 years later that Dov Joseph emerged as the architect of the electoral reform proposal in its present form. In February, 1965, the Labour Secretariat set up the so-called Joseph Committee on electoral reform. The 15-man panel included some of the Party's leading personalities, such as Minister Abba Eban, Knesset Speaker

main Knesset parties: one "leftish," one "rightish," one religious, and possibly a fourth — Communist. There would also be room for an independent M.K. to get in. Reform would also enable the formation of a large second opposition party which would have the chance of setting up an alternative government, either alone or with a third party, and which would therefore be more responsive.

His committee suggested 50 constituencies returning three M.K.s each. The statistical experts it consulted believed that, on the basis of the election prior to the committee's establishment, this "thirty-times-three" division of the country would have given Labour (without Mapai) about 71 seats.

Dr. Joseph warns that if the presently mooted idea of having 18 constituencies of five M.K.s each is introduced, Labour's chance of getting a majority is in doubt. It would thwart the primary purpose of changing the electoral system — to enable one party to get a majority of Knesset seats.

He believes that the constituency boundaries should eventually be drawn up by a committee containing neither politicians nor judges. His committee suggested a panel chaired by the State Comptroller and including the Government Statistician, the head of the Labour Ministry's Survey Department and the Director-General of the Ministries of Interior and Justice.

The central party forums would suggest possible candidates for each constituency, and the local party branches would also suggest names. Then, in a process of negotiation, a final choice would be made, as is the case in Britain.

"The party headquarters would never manage to push unpopular candidates down the throats of their local supporters. The HQ would be well aware that, in the final analysis, its majority in the constituency depends on the understanding of the local voters."

"Parties will have to take into account a candidate's qualifications and prospects of being elected — not just his past services to his party, loyalty to a party leader, as happens in Israel. We need a better Knesset with M.K.s who speak and vote more independently, who are not totally tied to party discipline because their future reelection depends on the party machine. We also need a solid responsible Opposition; not a fragmented, vociferous, irresponsible one."

Dr. Joseph is well aware that Labour's private member's bill is a so-called "framework bill" which states the principle of mixed constituency-proportional elections, but lays down no details. Assuming all goes according to plan, the necessary laws could be on the statute books in time for the 1977 Knesset elections.

# TRIAL OF A TERRORIST

Text by  
Hirsh  
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Photos by  
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Mr. Max Kreitzman, defence attorney (left), does not have an easy task, being appointed to defend a self-confessed mass murderer who said he wanted no defence and from whom he gets no cooperation. He has made a valiant attempt to ensure that Okamoto would get the best defence possible — even to the extent of incurring the wrath of one of the country's top generals, Aluf Ze'evi. The lawyer and his assistant, Mr. Donlevy, tried every possible means to crack what seemed to be a watertight case.

Mr. Kreitzman, Chicago-born and London-educated, proved both affable and accessible. He has shown endless patience for reporters — both local and foreign — who have difficulty in following the legal aspects of the case and the intricacies of military justice.

Okamoto adjusts his earphones with difficulty. Throughout the hearings he remains shackled to two military policemen, and apparently the handcuffs remain on when he goes to sleep as well. One thing the authorities do not want is for Okamoto either to kill himself or to be assassinated during his trial. Okamoto himself seems quite unimpressed with all the fuss and with the many thousands of pounds which have been spent on ensuring his safety. His one desire seems to be to die as quickly as possible, preferably by his own hand. For hours on end he maintains the same flat facial expression, with just an occasional smile. Once he even made faces for a cameraman after a good close-up. Only once did Okamoto speak to his counsel in public. This was also on Wednesday, when he exchanged eight words with them in English. Okamoto showed no emotion when the names of the 24 persons he is accused of having a part in killing were read out. He did display a mild interest when the police presented the court with the guns used in the Lod massacre, and with other exhibits which included his personal possessions. He wears the same black pants and striped shirt for the entire hearing and seems to be perpetually tired.



Chief Army Prosecutor, Sgan-Aluf David Yisraeli. Tall, dark, soft-spoken, he proved efficient and competent. His knowledge of the law was impressive. Whenever a point was disputed he calmly rattle off clause after clause of regulations to hold the case. He understood the need for a speedy trial and dispensed with redundant witnesses. Originally the names of 14 prosecution witnesses were submitted, but only four were heard, the remaining either being found unnecessary after Okamoto's confession or accepted by the court, or after Sgan-Aluf Yisraeli felt that his testimony would be superfluous. He handled his job with ease and without emotion.



THE bench in consultation — some that did not happen often during actual open court sessions, Court President Sgan-Aluf Avraham Frish is the only man of the three, and he was the only to speak from the bench. The other members, also lieutenant-colonels, Baruch and Ram Evron, confined themselves to the sessions to making notes and consulting law books when specific regulations were cited.

The judges sat in full-garbs of the session lights for the entire duration of hearings, and had to put up with more than would be tolerated in regular court. Sgan-Aluf Frish proved very patient with the press gallery — which grew restive when the court dwelt on legalistic rather than worrying about the next day's headlines — and only once, on the first day when the session was nearly hours late in starting, did he show impatience with the spectators.

Much time was spent on repeating sentences so that the girl scribe recording proceedings in long-hand could get it down accurately. With the army he spent large sums of money on some of the most sophisticated communications equipment to be had, this seemed incongruous.

Another time-consuming factor was translation into Japanese; documents presented as testimony took hours in processing. Okamoto's written confession, instance, took both men nearly 90 minutes to put into Hebrew. Sgan-Aluf Frish deliberates in his decisions on points of law and spared neither time nor trouble, reaching his conclusions.

The Court President could have perhaps ensured a speedier trial; it is doubtful, though, that he could have ensured one more

GREAT rulers have always expressed their social, cultural and political climate, their Zeitgeist, in their environmental design and large-scale architecture. The desire to build is strong in despots, for nothing is more symbolic of political power than monumental buildings on as large a scale as possible.

The building ambitions of Herod the Great can be traced in many sites in Palestine and elsewhere. His gifts of buildings to Athens and other cities in the Roman Empire are well known. Herod's ambitions were akin to those of his imperial friend Octavian Augustus: to find the town of Rome in bricks and leave it in marble. King Herod did the same in Jerusalem. He considered the Temple to be "the holiest and most beautiful achievement of our time." (Centuries later, Justinian exclaimed on Hagia Sophia: "Solomon, I have surpassed thee.")

The rebuilding of the Jerusalem Temple was regarded by Herod as the culmination of his life's work. And the Talmudic Sages themselves were to say: "He who has not seen Herod's building (the Temple) has never in his life seen a beautiful edifice."

The Temple was planned as were the Greek temples, primarily in terms of its exterior. By the nature of its balance and self-sufficiency, it gave a human scale to the vast and lonely landscape surrounding it — the Judean Hills and desert.

### By man, for man

It was a House of God erected by man for man. The portal was stressed above all other architectural features. The combination of the white marble and a dark limestone, as indicated in the Talmud, was customary in Greece for many years. It is possible that decorative and architectural values, on rhythm and contrast of colour, and of light and shadow, replaced the usual classical plastic values, because of strict prohibition of the Second Commandment against making representational images.

Religious, judicial, political and social functions combined in the Temple Mount. Colonnades adorned with Graeco-Roman Corinthian capitals (perhaps painted polychromatically as was usual in Greece, beautifully shaped and coloured, surrounded the periphery of the Mount. The building accorded with the Vitruvian principle of the four stoas (porches) enclosing a rectangular area. The stoas served as a shelter from sun and rain, and as a meeting place for discussions. The Royal Porch on the south resembled an

open-ended version of the Graeco-Roman basilica, with its central nave flanked by aisles.

According to the Talmud, the Basilica served at one time as the seat of the Great Sanhedrin, when they were compelled to abandon the Gazit Chamber during the riots. Their long exile started in the "hanut," in the portico of the Temple Mount. They assembled in the basilica, spacious enough for them to meet in session in a semicircle, as required by rule. Later they had to leave the Mount altogether and settled in the city of Jerusalem.

The retaining walls of the Mount were built from huge stone blocks, hewn, shaped and dressed with the utmost accuracy. In antiquity the city walls were among the most impressive monuments. They create a deep impression of grandeur and beauty — both to impress a visitor and to depress an enemy, as Aristotle put it — an ornament as well as a protection. The work required great engineering skill, perfect ashlar masonry. Their appearance of rugged strength, their vast proportions were indeed impressive. The walls were a rare combination of technique and beauty, growing from the rock and belonging to the landscape.

### Beauty of form

The beauty of Herod's Temple was due to its structure, rather than to the materials and decor as in Solomon's Temple.

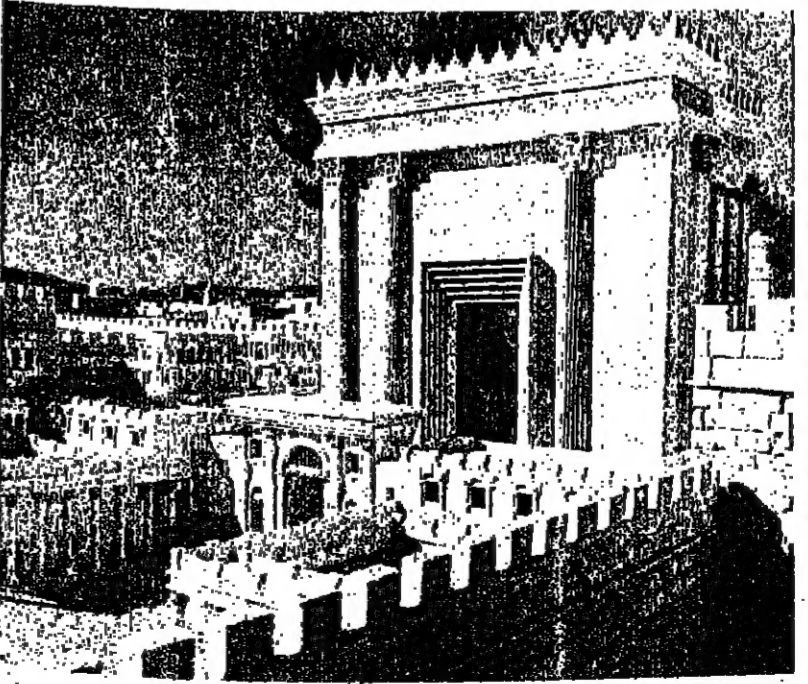
Despite the strong Graeco-Roman influence, it was the Jewish faith and genius, combined with Roman organization and engineering skill, which met the challenge posed by the town-planning and architecture of the Temple and its surroundings. The thousand years before the building of Solomon's Temple and the destruction of Herod's Temple gave the local builders many chances for monumental building. Still, in public works such as roads, bridges, causeways, as well as water supply and sewage, the imperial

# THE BEAUTY OF THE TEMPLE

This week the Jewish people lament the destruction of the Temple of Solomon in 586 B.C.E. and of the Temple of Herod in 70 C.E. Herod, the great builder, rebuilt the Temple on its ancient site, on Mt. Moriah, in Jerusalem, as the culmination of his life's work. What did it look like? How did he adapt the popular Greek style of the time to the demands of halacha? In what lay its specific beauty? These questions are discussed by DAVID KOTLAR, engineer, art historian and teacher of Talmud at Bar-Ilan University. Dr. Kotlar's "Ha'omanut Ve'hadar" ("Art and Religion"), published by Mordechai Newman, Tel Aviv, was reviewed in these pages last September.

been seen as a later justification of the factual position, as long as they don't impair or even involve Halachic issues?

The contemporary trends of the time are demonstrated in the construction of the buildings of the Temples of Solomon and of Herod. The big challenge of the Halacha now, when the time comes for the building of the third Temple, is to endeavour to incorporate in the Temple construction rules the contemporary trends in human ecology, urbanism and architectural style, as well as the developments in technique and materials. We are under the constant obligation to study all rules concerning the Temple: "From the house of Israel, and from the house of Israel, and let them measure accurately." (Ezekiel, 43:10)



A reconstruction of Herod's Temple by Michael Avi-Yona, in the grounds of the Holyland Hotel, Jerusalem (Rubinger)

experience was utilized and adapted to local conditions.

The archaeologist Kelson may be right in his statement about the Herodian building in Jericho: "Everything about this civic centre instantly calls up Rome and Pompeii. One might say that Jericho is a section of Augustan Rome that has been miraculously transferred on a single cart from the banks of the Tiber to the banks of the Wadi Qilt."

However, the position in Jerusalem was different. There were strict Halachic stipulations and requirements concerning the Temple, the Mount and the City, which had to be adhered to. Any deviation would cause defilement — thus, the causeway from the Temple to the Mount, of Olives for the priestly Red Heifer ceremony had to be built, "arches upon arches," so as to avoid defilement by unconsciously passing over hidden graves (a kind of viaduct well known in the Roman provinces, although here it served a different purpose).

The Jewish objection to Gentile workmen entering the holy places, and to any use of iron tools and materials within the sacred area, demanded that the work could only be done by Jews who were trained labourers and foremen, masons and carpenters.

However, it is likely that certain structural features of the Temple may have been based on the builders' own architectural considerations, particularly where they were not affected by the Halachic requirements.

### Roman influence

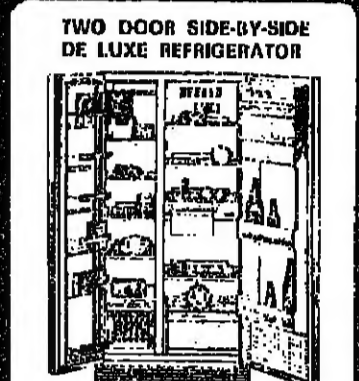
We probably may see the influence and skill of Roman technique in arch-building on the "Robinson" and "Wilson" arches in Jerusalem. Their structural features may be typical of contemporary Roman construction methods. Prof. Giovannoni's evidence may throw light on the significance of the projecting stones and recesses in the arches: "A common arrangement is that of stones projecting from the masonry as supports for the temporary wooden scaffolding; these then remained in the finished fabric as decorative corbels. The Coliseum and various bridges and viaducts (e.g. the Ponte Cestio in Rome, the bridge of Narni, etc.) afford examples of this plan, which is sometimes exalted from the merely constructional to the architectural, just as in a previous period projections and recesses in the moulding of arches represented the stylization of the supporting arch-centering."

In descriptions of Herod's Temple many rooms and chambers appear which are not mentioned in descriptions of Solomon's Temple, nor in Ezekiel's. Thus, groups of chambers on the south and north sides of the main building can probably be attributed to non-Halachic considerations. The Temple is described in the text of the Mishna, as an historical eye-witness account. The description is partly corroborated in the Gemara in the form of Halachic and Midrashic interpretation of Bible passages. Some of those interpretations seem to be handed down by old tradition, others as free, logical conclusions, but all

of the descriptions were written after the destruction of the Temple. Are they (thus) to be considered as statements of fact in all cases, or may some of them


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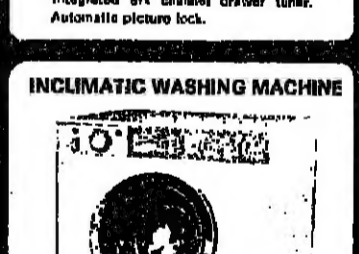
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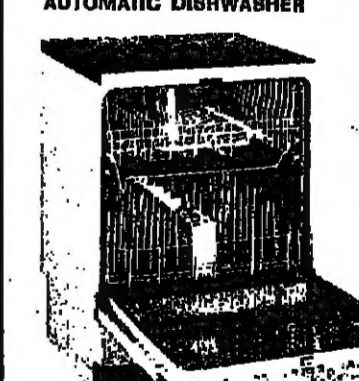
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# AMERICA: A NATION OF

# NATIONS?

ALMOST everyone in the U.S. would agree that ethnicity is a potent factor in American affairs. The greatest ethnic problems today are those revolving around race, particularly the place of black people in American society, and the effect of black-white disharmony on everything from the Vietnam war, to economic problems, to the condition of the cities. Many racial problems are being discussed in America, but all are affected by one central point: the fact — paradoxical as it sounds — that American blacks may not yet be in a real sense an ethnic group.

Blacks are a huge group, comprising close to 25 million people, or 12 per cent of the population. Their ultimate origins in Africa

were in highly varying cultures and languages; their experiences during and since slavery varied enormously from rural Mississippi to New York City to the western plains. Thus their cultural background is much less unified than, for example, Italian-Americans or Mexican-Americans, who have national cultural ties to hold them together.

One of the trickiest problems confronting even the best intentioned American government, then, is to find some sort of policy that will please all, or even most blacks (ignoring for the moment the reactions of whites). The question of group leadership is a good case in point; the media give great attention to radical, separatist, nationalist movements

like the Black Muslims and the Black Panthers; but opinion polls suggest that most blacks support the more moderate approach of organizations like the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People or the late Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Thus the most articulate and "news-worthy" of blacks represent a radical elite with limited support. Angela Davis, the communist leader, despite all her headlines, is simply not on the same plane as the mass of lower class American blacks. By comparison, César Chavez, the successful leader of the Mexican-American fruit pickers, is much less radical and ideological, deals more with gut issues, and is in fact as well as in name a leader of his people.

This kind of centrifugal force within the Negro community help explain why they have done less well in recent American life than other racial or quasi-racial groups like the Mexican-Americans, Puerto Ricans and Japanese. This is very apparent in politics where the blacks' numbers and demographic concentration should have yielded greater representation in, and concern from, government. Among blacks, more than any other group, political leaders have been able to maintain long-term support without delivering specific social or economic advantages.

### Blacks in ferment

This is changing now. Since the rise of the civil rights movement the black community has been in ferment, searching for some sort of general group identity, for the development of a new ethnicity. This search can be seen in the appeal of widely separated leaders like an Angela Davis or the Black Panthers at the separatist, radical extreme, or a Roy Wilkins or black capitalism group at the more traditionalist, gradualist one. Likewise the ferment over labels — with "black" signifying a stronger, group-assertive character, and "Negro" implying moderation — shows this process underway.

These forces, combined with the new freedom, especially in political rights, of the southern black, have created a potentially unified and powerful new force. It has not yet coalesced; thus those blacks who do vote this year, will do so, unenthusiastically, for the Democrats, as they have for over 30 years. But if the next generation does see a real unity among American blacks they will have a much greater

"Ethnicity" is very much in the news in the U.S. in this election year, almost as much as the "Melting Pot" of old, in which all ethnic groups were expected sooner or later to disappear. Yet the current "ethnic" vogue conceals as much as it reveals about the actual American condition, according to Prof. JOHN M. ALLSWANG, of the California State University in Los Angeles. Dr. Allswang, who spent the past academic year as Fulbright-Hays Visiting Professor of American History at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, is author of a recently-published book, "A House for All Peoples: Ethnic Politics in Chicago, 1890-1934."

chance of achieving agreed-upon aims, and will wield political power more correspondent to their numbers.

The same applies to the other two large, racially distinct groups — the Mexican-Americans and the Puerto Ricans. Although most of them are, properly speaking, caucasian, they are regarded and treated by others as non-white. They are, like the blacks, at the bottom of the socio-economic pyramid, but they do have the advantage of common national culture to bind them together and facilitate cooperation. These group too, have been affected by the new surge of ethnic consciousness among the "permanently" ethnic, and in their respective spheres of the southwest and the northeast are increasingly important forces. The argument over the labels "Chicano" and "Mexican-American" is that group's equivalent to the "Negro-black" controversy, and suggests a similar ferment.

### 10m. born abroad

There are also, of course, still lots of white ethnics in America. About 10 million foreign born live in the U.S., as well as almost 20 million children of foreign born (the "second generation," which, for almost all groups remains quite ethnic). Some of these people are recent immigrants, still filling annual immigration allotments. Some are earlier European immigrants, like the Italians and the Poles, who perhaps because of their pleasant origins have clung to the force of ethnicity longer than others. And still others, like the Jews, have their ethnicity reinforced by religion which, unlike nationality, does not necessarily diminish with time. Nathan Glazer and Daniel Moynihan, in their famous book "Beyond the Melting Pot," have shown the extent to which traditional national ethnicities continue important in today's American cities.

Members of these still-ethnic groups have already reached working or middle class status, and thus have interests in common

with the new working class to be discussed below. An example are New York's lower middle class Jews, a "permanent" ethnic group because of the religious distinctiveness of their ethnic ties. They have become more withdrawn, more "ethnic" in recent years, and for several reasons: rising conflict with a more aroused black community; declining faith in assumptions about assimilation; increasing defensiveness about Israel. Their decreasing commitment to civil rights and other traditional liberal activities, and resort to group defense, are seen in things like the Jewish teachers' battle with black parents in the Ocean Hill-Brownsville school conflict, or, at its extreme, the activities of Mair Kahana's Jewish Defence League.

### Compensation for isolation

To the extent that ethnicity, in the form of a group with some security. Thus the Italians and Jews, for example, confronted with urban renewal, racial strife, loss of property values and so on, find in their continuing ethnicity a source of security that does not obtain for the less ethnic class peers. Moreover, continued ethnicity means continued group unity in political and thus power. Urban political organizations continue to include both candidates and issues representative of the groups for whom ethnicity is still a determining force. Thus Senator Edward Kennedy speaks in favour of the Catholic Irish and both parties are careful in enunciating pro-Israel positions, recognizing that the traditional unity of the American Jewish vote makes the group more important politically than their numbers might suggest.

But for many Americans, ethnicity is fighting a losing battle with class interests. Indeed, there is to be the "white ethnics" are not really "ethnic" at all. They are the sons and grandsons of

(Continued from previous page)

some cases, even great-grandsons) of Bohemian, Irish, German, Slovak and other immigrants of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Their traditional ethnicity, by and large, is no longer an important determinant of their social behavior. They are the materially successful, largely blue collar, new working class, un-ionized and earning anywhere from \$7,500 to \$20,00 per year; living in single-family houses on the outer edges of the cities or in working class suburbs; and who have achieved the American dream of their immigrant ancestors. Their prosperity is newly won, and in these days precarious. Their status is even less secure, since they remain marginal — no longer really Bohemians, etc., but not yet fully "American"; no longer lower class, but by trade and attitude not precisely middle class either.

### The working class

Thus the utility of the term "working class" in analyzing American society — it covers a wide spread of incomes, but a discrete social and economic entity, and is a term acceptable to the people to whom it is applied. And the rise of class feelings among this group diminishes the divisive effects of ethnicity, making the group larger and potentially more powerful.

To this group the mark of their new position in American life is seen largely in material things — the new car or cars; the camper, boat or motorcycle for pleasure; and above all the free-standing, single-family house in a nice, clean, safe neighbourhood of their peers. They are very possessive about these things, both because they comprise a great investment, for which one spends most of his life paying, and because they symbolize the group's position in American life.

Small wonder then, that the threat of blacks moving into their neighbourhoods is grave indeed. They associate black residents with poverty, dirt, violence and social disruption, and understandably so, given the development of the modern American city. "They are unimpressed with complex theorizing about such problems, mainly, perhaps, because they refuse to accept responsibility for slavery and other mistreatments of blacks in the past. The ancestors of about one-half of the population came to the country well after the Civil War; the whole business, they feel, was not their fault, and they will not pay for the sins of others, let alone others' fathers. They do not share the guilt feelings of some old-line American Protestants."

They are a large group, the white working class. And they are having a bad time. The disintegrating economic system is erod-

ing their newly won financial security. Blacks and newer immigrants threaten their homes and tranquil neighbourhoods. And no one seems to care. When I spent considerable time interviewing members of this group with pollster Samuel Lubell in 1964, they argued that they were being cheated. They supported the government, in foreign and domestic affairs; they were patriotic; they were taxpayers. But the government, they said, was more concerned with the lower class, with the welfare people, than with them. They want their children to go to college and move solidly into the middle class, but they see higher education as becoming threatening, upholding values the opposite of their own.

They feel also that their unions have let them down. While committed to the union for economic advance, they are bitter at the time and money their leaders spend on "reform" for blacks and others, rather than fighting for the more conservative aims of the workers themselves. Thus these people were very tempted by Barry Goldwater, the conservative Republican candidate in 1964, but in the end stuck with the Democrats, the party of labour, social security and prosperity. But, socially and culturally, they were and are ready for a party committed to greater conservatism and authority.

### Workers with Wallace

This is why, for eight years now, the American working class has flirted with George Wallace, who combines in his platform, far better than the Republicans (too pro business) or the Democrats (too pro the indigent and the minorities) their opposition both to the rich and the powerful, and the real lower class on the other. Wallace upholds the traditional American values they associate with their own success — nation, religion, hard work. And he confronts the liberal intellectuals and the Eastern dealers as strongly as he does the welfare poor and the capitalists. But protest parties don't win; and this year Wallace seems completely removed by the would-be assassin's bullet.

The coalition of minorities, workers, intellectuals and the non-rich generally, which the Democrats put together at the start of the 1930's, began to fall apart at the seams in the early 1960s. The differences between these groups have simply begun to outweigh the things they have had in common. In the absence of a succeeding coalition, neither party has real dominance of American politics now, and this situation is likely to remain until the great working class is won over by one or another.

This year the working class vote is crucial, but unpredictable.



The Jewish vote is rated high this year. New York Mayor John Lindsay was out to get it.

They may well stick with Nixon, the more socially conservative defender of property interests; or they may, if McGovern is nominated, be sufficiently impressed by the "populist" aspects of his programs (those things which indeed does have in common with George Wallace) to overlook his policies and supporters, whom they don't like.

### Role of upper class

Another interesting development in American ethnic affairs in recent years is the break-down of one of the traditionally great-est divisions — that between Catholic and Protestant. Until well into the 20th century anti-Catholicism was the chief focus of American nativism, and it still continues to some degree. But anti-Catholicism is disintegrating as is anti-Protestantism on the part of Catholics. I think there are several reasons for this. One is the integrating role of the upper class, a social force whose role in American life is sorely understudied. It is noteworthy that, while access to executive suites in many businesses and industries, and to the more exclusive country and city clubs, remains barred to Jews, blacks and some others, the line between Catholic and Protestant in such areas has largely disappeared.

Slowly, this is blurring down to the middle and working classes. For the working class, for example, the decline in immigration and in religious intensity, plus increasingly common social and economic problems, has led to a minimization of both national and religious ethnic differences (the

Catholic Slovak steelworker and the Protestant German electrician are in very similar positions in American life today).

This suggests a further expansion of the American dominant or majority group. Just as the "Anglo-Saxon" in "White Anglo-Saxon Protestant" became misleading by the end of the 19th century, by which time third, fourth and fifth generation Protestants of French, Welsh and other extractions had merged with the dominant group, so today the "Protestant" aspect is no longer fully viable. And the dominant group in American maintains its numerical majority by virtue of its expansion. Perhaps we should now speak of the "White Christian Native" group — as opposed to the non-white, non-Christian and foreign-born — in referring to the dominant group in American society.

### Problem for the Jews

This is an important phenomenon, even without overstating the diminution of the differences among white, Christian groups. Because if the next 50 years are to see a decline in the groups that are still really ethnic, it will also mean that those who are not Christian and/or not white will be the more distinct. Their likelihood of real assimilation, or of real integration, is therefore slight. This is something the Jews, and at least many of them, have realized for some time. And they have settled for an accommodative situation, where they participate in enough of the society to prosper and feel secure, without

expecting to be part of the "majority." I think this is the only probable future for such groups as blacks and Mexican-Americans also. What remains is for them to organize themselves in such a way as to get the best possible piece of the American action.

In terms of American national politics, this suggests a continuation, for the while, of the present situation of no clear party domination. The key forces involved above are either ignored or straddled by the major parties. The question of the ultimate resolution of the racial problem, for example, is too complex and too unpredictable for any party to take a dogmatic stand. Since most ethnics and their children remain in the working class or below, the Democrats are likely to hold much of their support. But continued racial animosity and urban unpleasantness will mean that in given times and places, the Republicans, as the party of sterner authority, can be an acceptable alternative.

It would be foolhardy to bet a lot of money on the 1972 presidential election. The Democrats remain the party of the urban masses, but more so out of lack of alternatives than any firm cultural or ideological identity. The president in power, especially in distraught times, holds a lot of trumpets for his own reelection, even if his party stays a minority (compare Eisenhower in 1956). And the ethnic and class forces described above are in a constant state of movement. This suggests continuing instability for American politics and American society as well.



It may have helped, but not enough. Senator Edmund Muskie campaigns in Jacksonville, Florida. (Camera Press)

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(Continued on next page)

## A KAB of CAROBS

ONE of the most interesting byways branching off from the highways of Biblical flora is the constant search throughout the ages for some reference to the carob tree in the Bible. It seems to be almost instinctive; it is so essentially a tree indigenous to Israel, it looms so large both in Talmud and in the New Testament that it is almost incredible that it should have missed mention in the Bible, yet nowhere is it specifically mentioned. The nearest approach to a specific mention of it is the "gers" the weight of which is the 20th part of a shekel, which many scholars believe to be a carob seed, despite the fact

that it is almost impossible to find a shekel whose weight was even approximately equal to that of 20 carob seeds.

All other attempts to find the carob in the Bible, lasting over nearly 2000 years, depend on one of three factors: (a) the identification of another tree in the Bible with the carob; (b) the provision of new vowels to the accepted text; (c) and emendation of that text. With regard to (a) the most remarkable example is that of the famous Saadya Gaon and the almost equally famous Spanish grammarian Ibn Janah who maintain that the *nebot* of Gen. 37.25 and 43.11 — which at least in the

former passage is undoubtedly a spice — was none other than the carob. To (b) belongs the attractive reading of the rabbis to Isaiah 1.20 which we read this Sabbath whereby they homiletically point the words translated "ye shall be devoured by the sword," to make them read "ye shall be reduced to eating carobs," a rendering which has been accepted by the New English Bible. The example of the third category is to me very persuasive. In II Kings 6.25 there is a grim account of the ravages caused by the famine in Samaria as a result of the siege of Ben Hadad, king of Syria. There were reports even of cannibalism (v. 25/9) and an account is given of the exorbitant prices which were paid for the little food available. The head of an ass



ago the Biblical scholar Cheyne suggested a slight emendation which changes the word to *charobim*, carobs, and this change has been accepted by the New English Bible. As I say, I find it attractive. Carob, which grew wild, was the poor man's food of both the New Testament and the Talmud. With regard to the latter the Talmud tells us of the saintly miracle worker Hanina b. Dosa who "although the whole world was sustained by him" subsisted on "one kab of carobs" for a whole week (Tn'an 24b).

The possible association between the kab of carobs of Hanina and the quarter kab of food, usually available without price, but in the grim famine sold for five pieces of silver, is highly convincing.

L.I. RABINOWITZ



# A woman and her pain

GRANTED that reforms in women's rights and attitudes about their role are long overdue, human existence is far more complex and subtle than any extremist movement acknowledges, and frequently there is disservice done to the very cause so hotly being touted. Of course, there are inequities, but hardly more so for women than for men. Moreover, equality at the expense of uniqueness is scarcely an improvement or to put it more bluntly, variety still is spice and unisex is not.

At such times it is good to remember that, despite the limitations imposed by society and sometimes because of them, women are making and always have made significant contributions on every level, and bringing to their tasks — in whatever field — that special sensitivity, perspective and perception that is usually lumped under the all-purpose phrase, "women's intuition." However, depressingly that label is sometimes used to offence should be taken, for intuition is often the very essence of creativity.

## Imagination

This is not to say that any characteristics are exclusively female or male or that empathy cannot compensate where they are. Such reasoning would deny the existence of history, not to mention literature. In any case, more characteristics are shared than unshared and imagination can and does take over where reality leaves off. Still, there is no substitute for the real thing. And if women have a heightened sense of imagination in reading works of women writers — as indeed they will in the books under consideration here — this in no way diminishes their appreciation and enjoyment of the genius that went into the creation of an Anna Karenina or Madame Bovary or Hester Prynne ("The Scarlet Letter").

Joanne Greenberg and Hannah Green are very good examples of women professionals rather than professional women. Not that they would wish to be identified so parochially; they are functioning as individuals and their aim, if aim there be, is for human liberation. Let it also be said that if they have thus achieved self-fulfillment and raised consciousness, these are the fringe benefits and not the paramount reasons for their endeavours.

## Pseudonym

There is widespread confusion about these two writers; that is why I thought it might be helpful to review their books as a pair. Joanne Greenberg is best known for "Never Promised You a Rose Garden," which she wrote under the pseudonym of Hannah Green for the understandable reason that some of the characters in the novel were easily recognizable to her family. She chose the name closest to her own and it was only two years later that she discovered that there was a real Hannah Green writing fiction. By then also, the novel had become a runaway hit, and there was a great deal of curiosity and interest as to who was its author. Rarely has a book in recent memory with so little advance publicity gone so far solely on word of mouth recommendation. In the way it was passed on from friend to friend, like a precious gift, it was reminiscent of the special esteem in which J.D. Salinger's "Catcher in the Rye" is held. The subject matter was also reminiscent of that gem of literary perfection: Conrad Aiken's short story, "Silent Snow, Silent Snow." But while Aiken wrote of the on-

daughter-in-law for bringing some enlightenment into their dismal household. Even the two stories that strive for a lighter effect are upset by too heavy-handed an irony. The dreariness of the author's protagonists and situations is endless. Indeed, so long-suffering are these people, so obvious is the solution just beyond their grasp, so joyless is their world that the reader often ceases to care. Vanessa Nye, the heroine of Hannah Green's "The Dead of the House," suffers also, but there is meaning to her pain: ecstasy as well as anguish; love as well as hate.

**THE DEAD OF THE HOUSE** by Hannah Green. N.Y., Doubleday. 180pp. \$5.95.

**RISES OF PASSAGE** by Joanne Greenberg. N.Y., Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 197 pp. \$6.95.

Reviewed by Marianne Zeitlin

set of mental illness, Joanne Greenberg traced the onset, treatment, and recovery of a schizophrenic girl with the kind of shining honesty that was heartrending. This book is another example of how real experience translated into art brings an authenticity which imagination can never quite equal.

With such an achievement to her credit, it is hardly surprising that there is little in the way of human suffering or aberration that is off limits for Miss Greenberg. The world of the dead, about which she so movingly wrote in "In This Sign," is as known to her as the world of the living. In "Rises of Passage," a remarkably varied collection of short stories, the author seems to be equally at home among country and city folk, among farmers and academics, among Greeks and Jews.

## Old age

The tragedy of old age is the theme of "The Timekeeper," the most successful story in the collection. An American all-rightist, who can assess his climb to success store by store, has come to that juncture in life where the only path still open is downhill. He has outlived his wife, his partner, even "old man Loeffler," a competitor for whom he had a grudging admiration. Now it is his turn, but unlike the others, he is not one to go gently into that last good night. His final months are intertwined symbolically with his new watch, which runs on solar batteries. It has a "year's supply of power" and has been assured that it will "stop when it is still strong" and will never "run down."

"The problems of parenthood — motherhood in particular — are given a delicate rendering in the tale of a woman and her epileptic son in "Hunting Season." The conflict is not in the "big" occasions to which most people rise, but in the nitty-gritty of daily existence:

"She fussed and fussed and missed the important things. In defense of herself, she knew this was one of the penalties of being a 'good' wife and mother. Her life was a mass of details, endless and entangled all together, all unsorted: trivial things and important things wound into and against one another, all warring for her attention. Changing the goldfish water wasn't vital, but it could wait. Listening to them, growing with them, that was vital but the bills had to be paid now, the dinner was burning now..."

## Over-manipulated

There are few mothers who will not recognize their own fragmented days in that passage. Joanne Greenberg finds her canvas to a simple statement and does not clutter it up with too many effects. For all the beauty of their parts, regrettably, most of the stories have been over-manipulated. The characters are contradictory and their credibility is weakened. It is difficult to believe that the young boy in the title story could be transformed into a murder weapon by a paranoiac; or that the non-deaf wife of a deaf husband in "And Sarah Laughed" who had the courage and fortitude to marry and bring four deaf sons into a silent world, could be petulantly resentful and jealous of her deaf-

daughter-in-law for bringing some enlightenment into their dismal household. Even the two stories that strive for a lighter effect are upset by too heavy-handed an irony. The dreariness of the author's protagonists and situations is endless. Indeed, so long-suffering are these people, so obvious is the solution just beyond their grasp, so joyless is their world that the reader often ceases to care. Vanessa Nye, the heroine of Hannah Green's "The Dead of the House," suffers also, but there is meaning to her pain: ecstasy as well as anguish; love as well as hate.

## Dreamlike

There are many who will stumble upon this book (as I did) mistaking its author for Joanne Greenberg, but they will not be sorry, for this fictionalized memoir has a dreamlike quality that continues to haunt long after it is finished. "In the year 1840 my great-grandfather, the Reverend Mr. Nathaniel Nye, who was then minister of the Baptist Chapel at Borewick in the West Riding of Yorkshire, received a call from God to go to the New World, and go he did." And go with him do we, for like all good tales, the reader is hooked at the outset, and before long travels with him to an America still grappling with battles between colonists and Indians, to Cincinnati, Ohio and up to Lake Michigan and on to the Straits of Mackinac. Along the way we see history as it was lived by five generations of a courageous and remarkable pioneer family.

## Ancestral ghosts

Even as a young girl Vanessa realizes that she is the repository not only of her own fears and hopes, but also of the fears and hopes of those that came before her, whom she does not know through privately printed books, diaries and poems. Her body is inhabited by the ghosts of her English and French ancestors and they play out some of their cheated lives on her domain.

"For a moment he was there behind me in the room — my great-grandfather who's a face I didn't know. I feel him there, I see him — but not with my eyes. And after a minute, it was as if somehow I were him, and yet as if I remembered him... Now on a gray day when the wind was soft and sweet... it was my canvas sleeve around my arm, my hands, but the sensation was that it was his... I threw myself down on the sand and the waters on the bay became my mind and my mind stretched... stretched north to the Straits of Mackinac, where he was deep down and wrapped in darkness, dead."

## Adolescent love

Perhaps the most poignant part of this family chronicle has to do with the awakening of Vanessa to adolescent love. The same old summertime tale of the young girl and boy at the lake; the same old tortured questioning of *does he? or does she?*; yet it is once again made new in the hands of this gifted writer. Even the day that Pearl Harbor was bombed, December 7, 1941 — alight of a thousand kitschy movies — is brought to life again. As well it should, for the young boy with whom she shared those joyous fleeting moments is killed in World War II.

Parts of this book have already appeared in "The New Yorker," but to get the cumulative effect of how all the "dead of the house" continue to live on in this rich human being, one must read the entire book, and preferably at one sitting. With so much history compressed into such a relatively short space, some of the characters are sorted out, and we enjoy them one and all — and all in the one Vanessa.

# Paperbacks

## Soft at the edges and fat with time

ONE day in 1934, when he was 19 and "still soft at the edges," Laurie Lee walked out of the home he described so beautifully in "Cider with Rosie" and tramped to London. After a year's work on a building site he decided enough was enough, and he went to Spain. The year he spent there, walking from Vigo on the west coast to Castille on the southern coast in 20-mile stints, is described in **AN I WALKED OUT ONE MIDSUMMER MORNING** (Penguin, 186 pp., 30p. drawings by Leonard Rosenthal). Not that he was in any hurry, not that he was really going anywhere, for he was "fat with time," taking in scenes, watching the people — warm, savage, violent, colorful but for the sleek black priests and the bullying, stumpy *guardia civil* — staying now here now there, once staying with Roy Campbell living in Toledo at the time. Till it all ended in the tense uneasy spring of 1938, an uneasiness that Lee can convey through an actual description of spring coming:

"A kind of brilliant green film suddenly broke over the fields, sheets of wild flowers spilling the dried-up hills — orchids with the dust, rocks crowned with anemones, almost blossom exploding like popcorn..."

## The Golden medina

WHETHER sighing for the old days ("Fifty years ago I got a fountain pen in my mitzvah, and thirty years ago still wrote his prescriptions as a doctor"), or misadventures ("not because I & they were there but because I made good copy"), or common marriage ("No man I know can do right by his wife and wily Jewish"), we first met in "Only in Jerusalem" and can meet again in his collection of "Carolina" pieces, **SO LONG AS WE BREATHE** (N.Y., Pyramid \$3.95).

Golden is by no means stingy for the funny — he is a grin for civil rights and doesn't lose his sense of humor. In his pen out of politics — he won his fame as the very best — he still is best in that old-fashioned way of the wit, and to return me whole to the horn-cured, threadbare world, smothered with dead and dying Christ, brassy with glittering virgins. What makes Laurie Lee love Spain so is summed up by him like this:

"...one may bite on the air and taste the multitudinous flavours of Spain — acid, sugary, intoxicating, stinking, but flavours"

## The incident of the doll

**THE DOLL** by Boleslaw Prus. Translated from the Polish by David Welsh. N.Y., Twayne. 702 pp.

Reviewed by Sally Blake

THIS is a large, old-fashioned novel in the tradition of the 19th century (it was written in 1890) and very reminiscent of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." It is set in Warsaw and concerns a haberdashery tradesman by the name of Stanislaw Wokulski who falls in love with a beautiful woman of the gentry, Isabella Lecka, and tries to move into her sophisticated world. Isabella is a beguiling heroine, seen against the background of fashionable society, which has made her what she is. Once the doomed Stas sets his eyes on her, he "knows no peace," and we follow his mounting obsession with enter-tainment. The author, Boleslaw Prus (1847-1912), is Poland's best-loved novelist, though little known in this country. His long historical novel, "The Father and the Son," was published in an English translation, but was only moderately successful. "The Doll" is now published in English for the first time. Though prolix, "The Doll" is a derisively entertaining in a way

# The Knesset and its powers

**ISRAEL'S PARLIAMENT:** The Law of the Knesset, by Eliahu S. Likhovski, Oxford, Clarendon Press. 236 pp. £4.25.

Reviewed by Yosef Goell

THIS book would have been vastly improved by the transposition of its subtitle and its main title to the law of the Knesset rather than to that body's actual operation as Israel's representative assembly and legislature.

In his discussion of the legal aspects of the Knesset's status in Israel's unwritten constitution, as reflected in the handful of Basic Laws that it has adopted, and in a number of salient rulings by the High Court, the author is obviously at his learned best. In this regard, I found his detailed and thoughtful discussion of the entire problem of Ministerial responsibility and of the Cabinet's collective responsibility before the Knesset to be especially useful and thought-provoking, as are his chapters and excursus on the problems of constitution-making in Israel.

It is when Likhovski departs from the safe confines of constitutional law to the stormy seas of politics as played in Israel that his central theme begins to slip water and founder. The central theme being as Likhovski puts it in his final chapter, that "like Britain, and in a certain sense, even more so, Israel's system of government is dominated by the Knesset, the democratically elected legislature."

## Consistent

Likhovski is consistent, for the above passage echoes the prospectus set out for the study in his preface, where he writes:

"This study analyzes the basic underlying assumptions on which the Constitution of Israel rests. It shows that Israel is a representative parliamentary democracy, with sensitive parliamentary democracy, wherein the Government is subordinate to the Knesset, and the Courts enforce them as the supreme law of the land."

Leaving aside the first assumption of Israel as a representative parliamentary democracy, with which I concur in general without here entering into a more precise analysis of the meaning of those terms, one may well ask on what the author bases his other contentions: of the supremacy of the Knesset; of the subordination of the Government to it; and the judicial enforcement of legislation enacted by the Knesset.

## Formally correct

Let us take the last point first. In the formal sense to be sure, all laws in Israel must be passed by the Knesset. But that is somewhat akin to asserting that all judges and ambassadors are appointed by the President of the State. Both statements are formally and constitutionally correct and both are rather meaningless and even misleading as an explanation of the real workings of the Israeli political system. When one remembers that

• well over 90 per cent of all legislation originates with the Government and not with the Knesset or its members;

• the Government itself is the major and final arbiter of which laws to enforce and which to ignore (selectively or totally) — as in the case of the much-banned Kanowitz Law against environmental pollution, adopted unanimously by the Knesset over a decade ago and still not backed by enabling regulations);

• most complex laws passed by the Knesset are in the form of



Prime Minister Golda Meir addresses the Knesset.

(Rubinger)

broadly worded frameworks which leave it to the Government to determine the actual manner of their application through Ministerial regulations and administrative orders — when one bears all this in mind, the true meaning of the statement that the Knesset is the "supreme legislative body" becomes all too clear.

Which, of course, leads one to a consideration of Likhovski's other contention — of the supremacy of the Knesset and the government's subordination to it. What is one to make of such an assertion which every secondary-school civics student, every citizen with a minimal political awareness — not to mention 120 Knesset Members who must read such statements with a wistful sigh — knows to be patently false? The claim of parliamentary supremacy may have been close to the mark in regard to Parliament in 19th century Britain, or the French National Assembly in the Third and Fourth Republics in this century. It has not been true of most parliamentary democracies for the greater part of this century and, of course, it never has been true of the Knesset-Government relationship in Israel, which is a creature of the mid-20th century.

## Acute crisis

Israel, since its founding, has been afflicted by the same "crisis of parliamentarism" which has characterized all parliamentary democracies in this century. In Israel's case, this crisis has been especially acute because of the nature of its political system, in which the true locus of political power has always been found in the institutions and apparatus of the major political parties, and to a growing extent, in the last few years, in the governmental bureaucracies. For it to be a politically powerful institution in its own right, not to say supreme over the government — it formally elects, the Knesset would have to be an independent institution, which it patently is not. Nor will it ever be one as long as candidacy for elections to the Knesset is determined exclusively by party nominations committees, and Knesset Members (of coalition parties) owe their primary allegiance to their party leaders who constitute the government.

Does all this mean that the Knesset can aspire to no better future than that of rubber stamp to Government, and to constituting, at best, a breeding and training stable for ministerial hopefuls? The future need not necessarily be as bleak as that, although the present

picture is not an overly bright one. It is doubtful that the trend towards governmental domination of the legislative function, given the growing complexity of government, will, or even should, be reversed in the foreseeable future. Most parliaments in the Western democracies, however, have been shifting their major emphasis from the legislative function to that of supervision and oversight of government and its activities. Modern governments have grown so large and complex, and in many cases so removed from and insensitive to the masses of citizens and their day-to-day needs, that the effective fulfillment of such a supervisory and critical function by a central parliamentary body, such as an elected parliament, has become all the more important. The Knesset, of course, has always had, and continues to possess, the formal powers needed to carry out such a function — but it has for the most part chosen not to make use of these prerogatives.

## Examples

The Knesset Finance Committee, for example, can, if it wishes, make major changes in the proposed State budget; it never has done so. The State Controller, one of the most admirable institutions of its kind, who acts in the name of the Knesset and reports to it, has never been as effective an instrument of parliamentary supervision over government as he could have been, because the Knesset has never acted on his findings in a serious manner.

The essential condition for the Knesset's playing an effective role in this context is the development of a parliamentary ethos in which Knesset Members, once elected, would also view themselves as independent agents, charged primarily with the execution of their primary role as elected watchdogs over government.

Does this sound too utopian for Israel's political system? In a way, yes. But there have been growing signs of late of such budding independence on the part of some of the new crop of M.K.s in the present House, e.g., the recent unprecedented challenge to the proposed defense budget, and the latest ramifications of the Witkon Committee findings and its aftermath.

A new generation is slowly taking over in Israel politics, and it seems highly likely that they will in time basically affect the nature of Israel's politics, including the role of the Knesset itself.

Dr. Goell is Lecturer in Political Science at the Hebrew University.

# The Jewish 'Art'

By JUDY SCHRECK

We are stone on paper — and paper of stone — We are lace fashioned from steel — And we are gears fashioned from string. We are an art museum in a chamber of horrors. We are fashioned by history into a filigree of fortitude. We are Israel.

## Judging an individual instead of a symbol

**THE BIRTH OF LUDWIG KLEINST** by Paul Silva-Coronel. Translated from the French by Lowell Blair. N.Y., Harper and Row. 181 pp. \$5.95.

Reviewed by Rodney Tree

ONE of the much-discussed aspects of the Holocaust has been the extent to which an individual can be held responsible for the loyalty to the Fatherland: the "Svengali" of the society of which he is a member went before appointment to the Biological Institute.

But Kleinst is not trying to escape responsibility: "I do not want to deny anything... I will not denounce those who put the weapon in my hand after having devastated my soul. Where would the guilty be then? No guilty men would ever be found! I am not trying to escape punishment; it is inside me, part of me, and that explains my present state... The one thing I am trying to escape is a useless death, by which I mean a death that has no useful prolongation."

## Seeking the man

Dubinsky is tormented by Kleinst's letters. He came to slaughter a monster, and finds himself faced with a man who has saved his life and the life of a child in the village — a man loved by all the villagers. Kleinst, no longer willing to surrender himself to the justice of the world that made him what he was, is unable to ask for forgiveness, demands only the right to seek the killer. "The Birth of Ludwig Kleinst" centres around the dialogue that develops between these two men, when their paths finally cross in a tiny mountain village in South America.

## Camp experiments

Ludwig Kleinst is responsible for performing biological experiments on concentration-camp inmates, Nathaniel Dubinsky is a Jew whose wife and two children died at Kleinst's hands, and who has devoted his life to hunting down the killer. "The Birth of Ludwig Kleinst" centres around the dialogue that develops between these two men, when their paths finally cross in a tiny mountain village in South America.

But there is a twist to the story. Dubinsky reaches the village in a snow-storm, suffering from frost-bite and dangerously weak. It is Kleinst who saves his life.

Kleinst, who has recognized Dubinsky and sensed his mission, begins to write letters to him, in which he admits the evil of his past actions, accepts total responsibility, and tries to explain how he came to be the monster he admits he was. He describes his childhood, his university education — Kant, Nietzsche, Hegel — the loss of his parents in the American bombings, society.

The author has written: "I tried to describe Ludwig Kleinst as the fruit of a poisoned world which must be cured. If at certain points I seem to show a certain form of sympathy for him, this sympathy does not extend to a Nazi, even a repentant one, but to the man that this Nazi tries to become." Coronel has written a complex and moving novel that subtly explores the relation between guilt and revenge, and makes us judge Kleinst as an individual instead of a symbol of the wrongs of his parents in the American bombings, society.



THE ISRAEL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES AND HUMANITIES announces the publication of

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PAGE FOURTEEN

סמלן האל





# A modern English comedy of manners

QUEEN LUCIA by E.F. Benson, 224 pp. Also: MISS MAPP, 224 pp. LUCIA IN LONDON, 220 pp; MAPP AND LUCIA, 221 pp. N.Y., New American Library, Signet paperbacks. Each \$0.75.

Reviewed by Lewis Sowden

IT is a long way from the early 1890s when Edward Frederic Benson (1867-1940) started London with his novel "Dodo," which was generally regarded as based on the character of the brilliant Margot Tennant, later to be the still more brilliant Lady Oxford. It seems hardly less distant from the 1920s and '30s when he wrote his "Lucia" novels, a series of six which Nancy Mitford now introduces with a gay fanfare of a foreword for their re-issue in a paperback edition.

Considering the revolution in literary styles that has taken place since Benson's day, this re-issue is a bold challenge to the taste of our times. And yet, if the genus Fiction Reader survives in any numbers in this TV age, he will hail the return of Lucia as a literary event of the first order.

### No serpent's hiss

By all the rules, Benson ought to be as posed as the bowler hat. It can be safely said that there is not a single four-letter word in all these half million; there's not a hiss of the serpent that came into the garden of fiction with Freud; and not even a hint of the horrors that people like D.H. Lawrence and James Joyce were brewing in their dark crucibles at very much the same time.

Instead there are petty jealousies, petty animosities and intrigues up and down the street, petty triumphs, carol singing, pageants, and dancing on the village green. Benson is, of course, satirizing English country life, the life of the gentry, that is, not the tradesmen or the townfolk, who seem to exist only on the margin of things.

He does it with more than a twist of caricature and even a dash of farce, but always as a happy participant, not as an outside observer, as though remembering that he himself lived in a town something like Lucia's Riseholme or Miss Mapp's Tilling and probably thought the world of it.

### A posing lady

His central figure, Mrs. Emmeline Lucas, "Lucia" for short, is to put it plainly, an outrageous poseuse. She plays Beethoven on the piano but never gets beyond the slow movement of the "Moonlight"; she sprindles her talk with Italian phrases but is quite flummoxed when she meets an Italian composer; she paints execrable (we suspect) watercolours; and yet she queens it in the society of Riseholme with an authority that is often challenged but never shaken.

When she acquires a London house in Brompton Road SW3, she starts social climbing with the zeal of an alpinist. Such is her dexterity and daring in the rarified realms of Kensington and Mayfair, that in no time she is hob-nobbing it with titlism. She is an incorrigible snob, but such is her basic good nature that we are her ally and abettor all the time.

Her innate generosity is Lucia's secret and Benson's. What it looks as though she is to be omitted from the Duchess's Ball of the Season, she is not.

and she retires to the country to avoid seeing her own humiliation, we agree with her that there's something damnably wrong in the order of things. But when an invitation reaches her at the eleventh hour, and she has to make it back to London before midnight like Cinderella in reverse, amid rain, snow and two flat tyres, we're up and cheering for her from the sidelines.

No character in these novels is drawn with anything like the vitality or bigness of Lucia. Like a good actress, she is indeed larger than life. Miss Mapp, her rival in Tilling, who holds six dinner parties and art shows until the coming of Lucia, is another kind of small-town fraud, but with nothing like Lucia's bullying charm.

Lucia's husband, Poppino, is summed up as a man who "in practical life had a firm grasp of the obvious," and very correctly he slips quietly out of life early in the series. The only other character who vies with Lucia for the reader's affection is her neighbour, Georgie, who embroiders, also plays Beethoven (with Lucia), also sketches (rather better than Lucia), and is her "gentleman-in-waiting when she is at home and her watch-dog when she is not." Georgie, like the reader, sees through all Lucia's pretensions and affectations and, like the reader, he is her slave.

### Small-town life

Nothing much ever happens in these gossip towns of Riseholme and Tilling, if we except a rather farcical sea drama. The stories wander through the little-tattle of small-town life and often go round and round. It is all rather piffing, yet fascinating. How does Benson keep it up through six closely packed volumes (including misprints)? Truth to tell, he doesn't. Now and then he runs dry and seems to be pushing his story. But just when he seems to be pushing it most, his narrative suddenly takes wing and we are soon with Lucia climbing the heights of comedy.

Essentially, that's what it is—a modern English comedy of manners, a rich vein which Benson worked for 20 years and which it seems never gave out. According to Nancy Mitford, in 1940, the year of his death, Benson was contemplating another addition to the Lucia Saga. He never made it, but he certainly won his right to the word "Saga" as fully as his more famous (and more pompous) contemporary who was born in the same year as he.

### Loving kindness

ONCE Rabbi Yohanan ben Zakkal was walking in Jerusalem with Rabbi Yehoshua. When they came upon the ruins of the Temple, Rabbi Yehoshua said: Woe to us for the destroyed Temple, where our sins used to be expiated." Said Rabbi Yohanan: "My son, do not feel badly, for we have another expiation like it, and that is: Lovingkindness. As it is written (Hosea 6:3): "For I desire lovingkindness, not sacrifice." Yalkut Yehoshua, etc.

# HEAR ALL QUAKING PARENTS!

Dr. Lee Salk (brother of polio-researcher Dr. Jonas Salk) is Director of the Division of Pediatric Psychology of the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. He began his practice with emotionally disturbed adults, but eventually became discouraged at the difficulty they faced in overcoming their illnesses and turned to children, whose problems responded better to treatment.

Dr. Salk's advice is, on the whole, hardly radical. He urges parents to discipline their children, because rules make the child's world an organized, predictable place. He insists that parents be absolutely truthful in answering questions, whether the subject is about death or where babies come from or if a visit to the doctor is going to hurt. For example, it's ridiculous to tell a child that an injection won't hurt, because it will, and once a parent has established himself as a liar on small matters, why should the child ever believe him?

Interestingly — and here Dr. Salk does differ from most child-rearing advisers, even "permissive" Dr. Spock — he feels it is impossible to spoil babies. They need a lot of active loving and sensory stimulation, and they particularly need to be picked up whenever they cry. Dr. Salk insists that a crying infant is always unhappy; he most

**WHAT EVERY CHILD WOULD LIKE HIS PARENTS TO KNOW** by Lee Salk, N.Y., David McKay, 239 pp. \$6.95.  
Reviewed by Teresa Arnsion

emphatically does not need to "exercise his lungs." The parent must go to the child, find the cause of his discomfort — hunger, pain or simple boredom — and correct it. It is terrible to let a baby cry for long periods of time, particularly during the first nine or 10 months of life, because it is then that the child develops a lifelong sense of trust or distrust in people based upon his experiences with the satisfaction people provide in response to his pleas for help — his cries. If the parent responds, the child learns that people respond to one another, and he learns to trust people to help him. If he gets no answer, however, he will learn to cope with his frustration by falling asleep or by self-stimulation (headbanging and the like). This pattern of withdrawal from reality carried over into adulthood is a form of schizophrenia.

Besides offering general guidelines, Teresa Arnsion, who lives in Jerusalem, is a first-time mother of recent vintage who has ceased quaking.

Dr. Salk treats a wide range of specific problems as well. Some sample opinions:  
• Pacifiers are harmful if overused. Studies show that babies do less visual exploring while sucking on a pacifier than they would were the pacifier not there; reaching less external information, the thinking develops more slowly.  
• Mothers shouldn't work at all for the first 10 months of their babies' lives, but the best schedule for a working mother is one that allows her to come home in the middle of the day for an hour or two, making the total length of mother-child separation not too long at a stretch until the child is about three.  
• It makes sense to pay as much attention to preventing mental illness as most parents pay to preventing crooked teeth, and Dr. Salk's book is one of the few available on the subject. It will be especially appreciated by all quaking first-time parents, if only for its assurance that nervousness "is a trait that mothers of all living things exhibit after giving birth, and is part of an instinctive protective concern" evolved to ensure the survival of the species.

Teresa Arnsion, who lives in Jerusalem, is a first-time mother of recent vintage who has ceased quaking.

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סוכן המשלוח

# MEXICAN PRESIDENT ON A LONG ROAD

These tours are thought too tough for anyone but Mexicans, they said. But Israelis are different, and Lea Ben Dor, Deputy Editor of *The Jerusalem Post*, was invited to accompany President Luis Echeverria Alvarez on one of his gruelling grass-roots tours through his vast country (two million sq.km.).

THERE were long bus trips and plane flights, and the many journeys later ran together in my mind. The country is so tragically empty, I thought — brown and flat and dry, or else a hilly desolation of volcanic rock and shrivelled shrubs. Where could such a journey take us?

When we arrived and everybody scrambled up a rocky, dusty hillside, there was a modest water project for the President to inaugurate. Part of a river was diverted, with a small dam to feed an irrigation system. President Echeverria climbed around the dam, inspected all the details, and asked questions.

In Switzerland, in any rich country, the village mayor would scarcely attend the opening of a dam this size. In Mexico water is more valuable than gold (which only brought the Spaniards and trouble). Water brought to an old Mexican village after centuries of stagnation has precisely the quality of new life, of a world made wider, of water brought to a half-built kibbutz in the Negev.

Most of the time the President could be seen studying newspapers or reports, or conferring with his aides. From time to time there were brief stops for the official opening of a new school, or

the laying of a cornerstone for a public building. Often, some of the people concerned with the project, even high school pupils, were taken along for the next leg, for more time to talk.

One of Mexico's banking experts, a very tidy-looking man, said to me on the long flight west to Lower California that he had not so much as a toothbrush with him: the President had invited him along unexpectedly after a discussion the previous evening.

The Press, in buses in the rear part of the longish convoy, barely had time to race up and take a picture or two and race back to their places. I found myself a guest in the President's own bus, with a ring-side seat — the result, apparently, of having asked for an interview a day or so before the trip was due to start.

"You are lucky," I was told. "Foreigners are rarely asked on these trips. They are thought too tough for any but Mexicans. But the President has great faith in Israelis. You made your desert produce food. Your technicians are always liked, because they get so concerned with what they are doing, and they work hard."

Often, the President asked someone to explain some point of interest to me. (He does not speak

English.) Later, he provided me with an interpreter.)

After each of these ceremonies, men — often elderly — presented written petitions prepared in advance. In many cases the President would ask a few questions before passing the envelope on to the right member of his party. The last few petitions, and sometimes bunches of flowers, were tossed through the bus windows or pressed into the President's hand as he waved from the window.

I asked what happened to all the hundreds of petitions. "They are all examined and answered. No, they can't all get what they ask for, but they will get an answer." There are still many illiterates and semi-literates in Mexico, and a letter from the President's office in reply to a petition probably has a certain magic of its own.

The last-minute delays often took a quarter of an hour or more, and there were many of them every day. I calculated in an idle moment that the President must have spent between 30 and 40 hours standing bareheaded in the burning sun in the course of the trip.

## Work circuit

I DON'T know how one measures success in government; but the active participation of the governed, the grass-roots process, is difficult enough to achieve in highly developed countries, with efficient organizations and communications. In Mexico, with its high proportion of illiterates, I heard farmers, pupils, teachers, students and industrialists argue their cases with their President and his Cabinet ministers, and saw them all receiving the same intense, concentrated attention. This "work circuit" took ten days, with a one-day break in the middle.

The long work sessions during the trip, sometimes totalling a gruelling eight or 10 hours in a single day, combine central control with a demand for local responsibility. They appeared to me to be aimed at renewing the direct link between the ruler and the ruled and giving the *campesino*, the farmer in the big straw hat, the feeling that his grievances can get a hearing. In a world where government is increasingly concentrated in the offices of inaccessible technocrats, there is human value in restoring confidence to the individual. Once a man feels that if he makes the effort to speak up he will be heard, that his opinion is valued, that the Government has come to listen to him, he has an incentive to thought and effort. It may also prove to be a much better weapon against Tupamaro-style revolution than just a few pesos added to the day's pay.

The challenge is obvious. I saw the hands of some of the local speakers shake as they held their notes: this was their day, and they would either make their mark or fall to do so.

I also heard the system mocked by a leftist journalist. "Yes, it is good, you guess for whom. It's good for him, all right."

## Only 230 km. off course

ONE afternoon the party was due to take a plane for Piedras Negras, a town on the U.S. border. The weather was bad there and we arrived instead at Mondova — "only 230 kms. from Piedras Negras," I was told. The party was hurried into a row of cars, some old and rickety, and raced off. Somewhere along the line the customary bus had been prepared for the President. When I later saw a life-size knight on horseback in a museum, with a silk banner draped round the horse's chest I recognized the silken Mexican eagle-and-serpent standard always tied round the bonnet of the presidential bus. After a three-hour drive, and about four hours late, we arrived at Piedras Negras. The waiting crowd had not given up and gone home, as might have been expected, but was packed close around the glass pavilion housing an industrial exhibition. It was hard to get through.

The exhibits included the usual attractive Mexican building materials, a hideous polished stone mosaic table with an Egyptian motif that cost \$1,000, machinery, canned foods. Some women were stitching leather gloves and blue jeans at sewing machines. The President's tour was as unhurried as though it were 8 p.m. as scheduled — and not 10.30 — and took over two hours, with explanations and questions at every stand. He noticed me spelling out some statistics on school attendance and took the time to find someone who would translate the Spanish text for me.

With hundreds of faces pressed to the windows, including many children who climbed up old scaffolding, I worried about broken glass. As I glanced round anxiously, I caught sight of three of the security men, not at all perturbed, weighing each other on a large industrial scale (one of the exhibits), and chuckling over the weight of the



The farmer in the big hat waits for his chance to speak his mind.

hottest Mexicans have learnt to be patient — too patient, perhaps — and they do not often break windows.

The work session the following morning dealt with a problem we do not know yet. How are the border areas to be kept "Mexican," and protected from being absorbed by the tremendous mass of the U.S. economy? I had heard about this; but without the long trip by plane, car and bus I would not have realized the problem of the border is not only the nearness of America but the great distance from other Mexican centres.

Rather than see Mexican labour migrate to the U.S. and join the ranks of the dispossessed, the "Chicanos," there, U.S. investors have been encouraged to set up bonded factories inside Mexico. There are no customs; the whole of their production must go back to the U.S. and they are, in effect, extra-territorial. About \$700m. have been invested in these factories, with a special proviso that four per cent is to be spent on training workers. Mexico benefits by some taxes and the employment of labour — mostly of women, which causes problems of its own where men are unemployed. There is also a feeling that this is one of the ways in which the U.S. "colonizes" and "exploits" Mexico, and circumvents labour laws. The ultimate aim is to develop local industry, but not much of it today is sufficiently specialized or on a large enough scale to be able to compete with the U.S., and the products are relatively expensive. A popular formula about the long American border is that it is like sharing your bed with an elephant: if he sneezes, you are blown across the room. In the least U.S. recession, the golden tourist stream dwindles.

We like to say that we wish all investment in Israel to be made on purely business grounds. Foreign investment in Mexico is a matter of favourable conditions, without any parallel to Zionist motivation. It may save some illusions and mistakes, but it also creates deep suspicions and resentments (some justified, some not), which we are lucky to be spared. Besides, Mexicans have memories of past losses and catastrophes that are as long as those of Jews; and they have not forgotten the loss of Texas and New Mexico, rich lands compared to much of today's Mexico.



Many hours under the sun.

There seems to be no thought today that the Americans are hostile in any sense or that Mexico needs physical protection. But at the end of a five-hour review of the local situation, I was conscious of the desire for independence as an insistent Mexican concern, as an unexpressed fear that more of Mexico could be sucked in by an over-rich, over-powerful neighbour. A young man I talked to said contemptuously that his country already was an American satellite. "We make the goods they want, and let them use our labour and influence our financial policies."

It is certainly not what the present government wants. The will to independence, to be Mexican, is strong enough to put a ceiling to easy loans. The distrust of the outside world is deep. It draws its strength from centuries of warfare and bloodshed; from exploitation of the Indians by the Spaniards; from arbitrary French intervention and American occupation; and in the end simply from the abuse of the poor by the rich, which went further and survived longer in Mexico than in Europe. It has by no means found its end yet. In any case, the American producer-consumer society is no longer as universally admired and copied as it was even 30 years ago. There is no inclination in Mexico to take anything on trust.

## Nothing on trust

As we progressed slowly through the five long hours of reports, of reviews of the work of the past year, I came to the conclusion that President Echeverria is not willing to take even his own administration on trust, and that this is one reason why he travels around the country.

There was a memorable session in the dry Mexican Valley in Lower California the next day. It is hot and vast — vast by Mexican standards, not ours. The land is flat, and there are broad irrigation canals that carry the water that comes from the Colorado River in the U.S. Yes, of course, I was told, the water evaporates and is soaked up by the ground, and in the long run pipes would be an economic investment; but what if there is no money for pipes now and you cannot wait to use the water? I found myself silenced again and again: by the realization that Mexico can afford to be extravagant only with manpower.

A farmer speaking of the open-canal irrigation system built there wound up appreciatively by saying, "The President promised us irrigation when he came here 10 years ago as Deputy Minister of the Interior. Now here is the account of damage done to each one of the farms in the area by the salty waters of the Colorado River. We wish him to take the accounts to his meeting with President Nixon."

I was pleased to see in a Press report a few weeks later that the subject had in fact been raised in Washington in talks between the two Presidents. The aim and system began to emerge. "Nothing ever used to get done," one of the officials said to me. "There was always so much talk, and then nothing happened. Even something as small as a new one-room (pre-fabricated) school put up in a village is evidence for people that there has been a change."

The President had just opened the little school-house with a flourish and proceeded to inaugurate a small plaza and a few new houses on a dry hillside. Behind the square was a baroque church built of red sandstone, absurdly large for the impoverished village, dating back to the days when the village priest was king and could command all the labour he wished.

The President beckoned to me after the ceremony and said, "See why we are proud of this place. You see how the new school with its red brick has been designed to harmonize with the church? And how the church itself is set off by the curve of the hill behind? The school is new and the church is perhaps 400 years old and the mountain has been there forever, and now they are all one. We want harmony as well as a school." This theme of harmony, between towns and country, industry and labour, and even the U.S. and Mexican economies, was to recur many times.

(This is the first of four articles)



## A horrid moment

ON the first day of the trip I was instructed to get into a small plane which proved to be that of Mrs. Echeverria, wife of the Mexican President. Before I found a seat somebody surprisingly called "Lea!" A smiling man with glasses was halfway into the plane and beckoned to me. "Who speaks English here?" he asked in Spanish. "I want somebody to explain to her what we see and answer all her questions." A woman economist, who works on a government planning committee volunteered. "After all, she is my name-sake; I have to take care of her." This was my host, President Luis Echeverria Alvarez, often known by his initials, L.E.A.

Lunch on the first day was country style, out-of-doors, at an agricultural research station, the home of one of the President's sons, who is in charge of development projects in the area. The food came in little glazed ceramic bowls, like in the market, with tin spoons enamelled pale blue. Half-way through the meal an APOC in gold-braided uniform came to tell me that the President invited me to talk with him. I found a space on the bench opposite the President, and a piece of melon was pushed in front of me. A well-known Mexican writer, Carlos Fuentes, who speaks English fluently, grinned slyly and said, "The President invites you to make intelligent conversation with him." The President smiled innocently, and there was an expectant silence. It was a horrid moment.

I said "You know, from the plane Mexico looks so much like Israel that I feel totally at home, and that is the greatest compliment I know for another country." When this was translated for President Echeverria he said, "Ah, good, then you think about Israel as we do about Mexico." Then I might understand. For the rest of the trip he took a quite unexpected amount of trouble to make sure that I should see and follow everything that came our way, and most particularly with the work of Israeli technicians in Mexico. I asked several people what the reason was for President Echeverria's great interest in Israel, and the courtesy and friendliness I enjoyed as a result. Several agreed that it was because Israel had succeeded in bringing life to its deserts, which is one of Mexico's greatest aims. One man, who had been Mexico's ambassador to many countries, said, "Even the older people in your country care what happens to Israel. Here, the old only care about their own affairs." (I did not see why I should tell him that some of our young people do not care as much as the older ones.) Another said, "Because you know how to live with the Americans. Look at all the money you get from them, and you never do anything they want." Still another, "There is a mystique about Israel, about your successes, about the ability of the people. You believe in yourselves and in your future. We are only just beginning to believe in ourselves."



After a display of Indian dancing, President Echeverria asked for one of the dancers' hats — straw, tinsel and ribbons and gave it to the author.



Opening one of the pre-fabricated one-room school houses. (All photos by courtesy of the Mexican Government)

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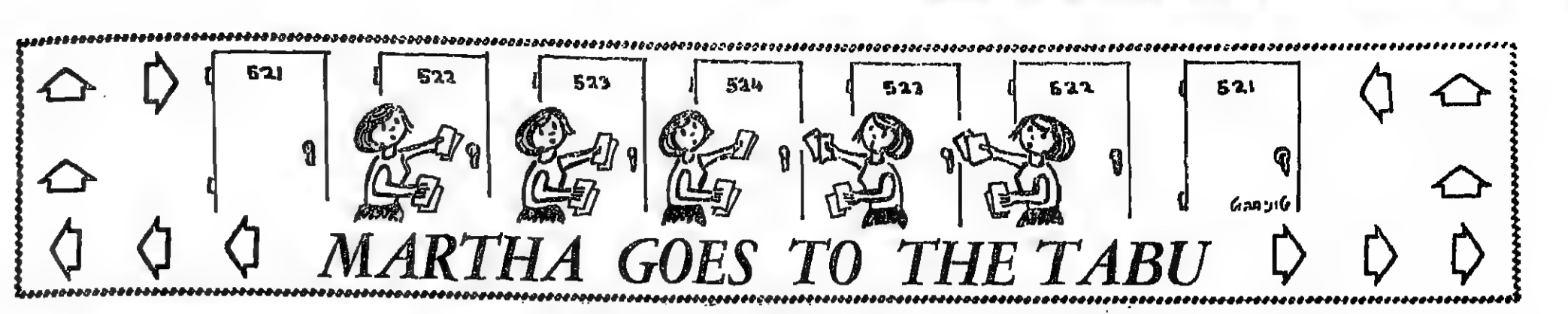
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To the uninitiated, the phrase "going to Tabu" sounds like the performance of some primitive rite. To the experienced, it is a nightmare to forget.

The name Tabu is a legacy from the Turks. The British under the Mandate continued the procedure as land registry transaction in England, and indeed in most parts of the world there are similar involved practices.

My family is currently "going to Tabu" with the new flat we moved into nearly a year ago. Before an ideal, rational society, registering a piece of property should take place immediately with the handing over of the keys, by the simple expedient of the seller and buyer appearing at an office and stating their mutual agreement to sell and buy. But as is found in practice land registry does involve searching the title to make sure the seller has the right to the property.

The result is Tabu. Before an ordinary dwelling flat in a Bayit Meshufaf (cooperative house, or "condominium" in modern American usage) can be registered in the buyer's name, it must go through a maze of administrative hurdles which make even a lawyer's hair turn grey.

I have never heard of anyone "going to Tabu" without a lawyer, and even if this were allowed, it would not be advisable. This presents a special problem. Many building contractors, including the highly reputable one from whom we bought our new flat, insist on a contract clause stating that the buyer agrees to use the services of the contractor's own attorney for the Land Registry proceedings. For these services, the buyer pays the lawyer one per cent of the purchase price of the flat.

**Ethics**

The ethics of the same lawyer representing both sides in this transaction are highly questionable. Opposition to this practice has been raised by the British Immigrants Association in a recent resolution on Housing in Israel. The British Immigrants plan to send a protest delegation to the Israel Bar Association.

I put the question myself to Mr. Yitzhak Tumi, Chairman of the Bar Association. He said it is not a new problem, and "it is currently under discussion within the Bar Association. The system must be changed," he said, although he added that "up to now, the system has worked fairly well in its own way, but with some problems." One of these, he admits, is that if the buyer wishes to take a lawyer of his own—a practice which the various consumer organizations strongly advise—he finds himself paying double for legal fees, once to his own lawyer, once to the contractor's.

In fairness, I must admit that we have had no complaint about the handling of our Tabu file by the lawyers of our contractor; they have been most courteous and helpful. But this does not totally dispel the uneasy feeling.

Just how much help the lawyer can be in the actual work of putting a flat (or plot of land) through Tabu depends to a large extent on the client's insistence. Legally, so far as the client's insistence goes, I understand it, once the buyer signs over to the lawyer a "power-of-attorney to put the property through the Land Registry," the lawyer can actually do the rest himself, with the aid of a fleet of messenger boys. In practice, the buyer is expected to do most of the legwork himself.

The preliminary groundwork for going to Tabu consists of a lot of running around to municipal and government offices, collecting a lot of little slips of official paper. The principle behind it is this: Before a property can be transferred from one ownership to another, proof must be given that all outstanding debts are paid. This is seen as a good opportunity for municipalities and government authorities to catch up with delinquent tax and rate payers, and not a department is left unturned—water, sewage, road-building, lighting, arson (residents' tax), government property tax, which includes compulsory war damage insurance.

**Recent trials**

My recent "going to Tabu" game went something like this:

- A trip to the lawyer's office to sign the power-of-attorney and to get instructions as to what certificates I needed to bring from the Tel Aviv Municipality. To aid me, I was given a formal note stating the block and parcelization number of the plot of ground under our apartment house.
- An unfortunate mid-morning visit to Room 524 of the City Hall unfortunate because this is not an hour to go. The waiting queue (no queue numbers are given out) looked about an hour long at least, and I decided to come back another day. But first I picked up a printed form from a box outside the door, which give instructions designed to ease the citizen's lot in applying for clearance papers for Tabu. These printed instructions told me—the lawyer had not—that I could make application not only at Room 524 in City Hall, but in any one of the Municipal Information Bureaus throughout the city. To do so, I would have to bring with me the following items:
  - An extract of the property registration from Tabu (for a property which had previously been through Tabu) or, in my case, since this was a brand new flat, a copy of the contract of sale. (The lawyer had not mentioned the need for either of these items, but indicated that the obt with the parcelization number would be sufficient. It was not.)
- A trip to the Municipal Information Bureau on Rehov Frishman, to make the necessary application without having the contract of sale with me, but just the formal note from the lawyer, which stated the plot number or ILI for a business premise or private plot of land. (My personal cheque was accepted without question at City Hall; I don't know if it would have been at an Information Bureau.)
- I tried, at the Municipal Information Bureau on Rehov Frishman, to make the necessary application without having the contract of sale with me, but just the formal note from the lawyer, which stated the plot number or ILI for a business premise or private plot of land. (My personal cheque was accepted without question at City Hall; I don't know if it would have been at an Information Bureau.)
- I decided to play it safe and stick to Room 524 at City Hall. Next day, I arose earlier than usual, got to City Hall just after it opened at 7.30, and was seated on the bench outside Room 524 a full twenty minutes before it opens at 8.00. I was first in line, and I had brought along a goodly bird to pass the time. The clerk-aid, an attractive dark-haired woman, was cheerful and courteous. I was glad I had brought along a copy of the contract as she did ask to see it to check a number. While I had been led to believe, by the lawyer, that I would have to go personally for a clearance paper from the Water Department (in another building), the clerk said this was not necessary, as the water bill statement would come to her office automatically with the bill (sewage, lighting, etc.). I would only have to go to Room 524 down the hall to pay the ILI and to the Residents' Rates (arson) desk on the third floor for a clean bill of health from that standpoint.
- Room 521 was no problem. There was no queue, and the cashier accepted my personal cheque, and gave me the green receipt which entitled me to come back to Room 524 in a week's time for the results of the other investigations.
- The third floor arson counter, where the books to be paid of Municipal residents' rates (actually a municipal property tax, though it is not called this), is ulcer-making. A very slow-moving elderly clerk waited on me. The citizen has to be very quick on his fingers, or he may end up paying for something which has already been paid. (He will eventually be credited for it, no doubt, but that is little consolation. I was just about to be charged an extra two-month instalment on our rates, until I produced from my handbag a receipt showing it had been paid on April 23—a good six weeks before. It had not yet been entered in the books. (It is advisable to bring all receipts along.)
- I had to go down to the main floor of the City Hall to pay these bills at a cashier's window (no queue; paid by check) then back to the counter on Floor Three to get the clearance papers.
- I had to make one unnecessary detour. The friendly clerk in Room 524 sent me to another room—I've forgotten the number—to get an official stamp on the original chit from the lawyer, because, she claimed, the lawyer had "mutilated" the document by adding a parcel number in handwriting. I later found out from the lawyer, that this chit was only a carbon copy of the official document which has to go to Tabu, and therefore it didn't matter what he wrote on it by hand.
- A week later, I dutifully got up early again and got to Room 524 before it opened—in time to be fourth in queue this time. Still, I was out of there by 8.15 a.m., certificate of good health from the Municipality in hand—so I thought.
- I took it back to the lawyer proudly, only to discover that neither the clerk nor I had noticed that the certificate gives the contractor's name, but not ours, and the building block and parcel number, but not the individual flat number—which means that the same certificate could theoretically be used for any flat in the building.

**Took pity**

The lawyer took pity on me. He said he would send someone from his office to check this seeming error. He also promised his office would take care of the necessary clearance papers from the Government Property Tax, since that was located in the same general part of town as his law office.

So far I have spent only two-and-a-half mornings and two afternoons playing the "going to Tabu" game. My mother-in-law and sister-in-law have a more complicated procedure in registering their flat, which is next door to ours, since they are new immigrants and settled to the reduction in the Tabu fees. (The full fees amount to 4% per cent of the buyer's share of the land value under the building, if the property is put through Tabu in the first year of residence, or 4½ per cent of the purchase price of the flat itself, if it is put through later. This is why it is of utmost importance to have a clause in the sale contract stating that the property will go to Tabu within a year.) Although my mother-in-law and sister-in-law have valid *Tevudat Olaf* (Immigrants Booklets), they are required to produce another proof that they are immigrants from the Ministry of Interior—a certificate which takes several weeks to obtain. Also, because they have a mortgage on a flat, they have to bring all their mortgage papers and receipts to the Tabu lawyer.

We will not be required to appear personally at the Tabu office—although the contract of sale states that both sides agree to be present at the Land Registry Office on the date set by the lawyer, upon advance notice of three days. However, the power-of-attorney we signed gives the lawyer authority to act in our behalf on Tabu Day itself. I don't know how it is in other towns, but the Tabu office in Tel Aviv is housed in a truly Kafkaesque building, the sprawling old Beit Romano on Derech Yafa-Tel Aviv. The corridors go around in a circle, and you can easily get lost, circling around in your own tracks. If you should have to "go to Tabu" literally in Tel

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A recent search for Israel's Woman of Valour brought 20,000 responses. M.K. ZENA HARMAN, who was on the panel of judges, reflects on this remarkable cross-section of women and names them authentic representatives of Women's Lib.

## Women of valour true women's lib

THE Women's Liberation Movement is unhappy about competitions that select a beautiful woman, an outstanding mother or even a fine housewife and homemaker. The commercialization that has degraded some of the Beauty Queen festivals is deplorable, but the objection is fundamentally one of attitude towards woman's role in society, the family and relationship between the sexes.

Not all supporters and fighters for the cause of women's rights believe that they have to be achieved at the expense of a good husband-wife relationship and the continued existence of the nuclear family unit. On the contrary, many believe that the weakening of family life is a major cause of modern disaffection, frustration and unhappiness. Motherhood and marriage still offer the best prospects for creative self-fulfillment, particularly when they are combined with the pursuit of a profession.

The family in Jewish history has undoubtedly been a central factor in the capacity of the Jewish people to survive successive periods of persecution and repression. It has facilitated stability and resilience; it has cushioned the individual from the worst consequences of stress, change and upheaval; it has nour-



Rivka Oseri (left) reports on a real pilgrimage to her home while she was on maternity leave after she had been named one of the seven runners-up in the Woman of Valour competition, when the group was received at the Knesset last week. Lifting to the right are M.K.'s Zena Harman and Shoshana Arbeli-Almoshino, the first Woman of Valour Emmy Sivoni of Beisan, Moshe Lahiss, coordinator of the competition, and M.K. Natalka Ghes. (Tova Weiss photo)

ished a spirit of compassion and concern.

The 47 semi-finalists, who appeared before a panel of 18 judges whose task it was to select an *Eshet Rayil* — (Woman of Valour) — were a cross-section of the ingathering of the exiles, prototypes of the traditional Jewish mother, with the additional dimension needed to cope with the demands of the new reality of Israel.

The Women's Lib movement would find difficulty in convincing them that the organizers, "La Isha" and Mootzet Hapoalot, had an ulterior motive, that they were the victims of a subtle scheme to keep women in the home and man's sovereignty intact.

They were younger and older women, from the East and the West, sabras and immigrants selected from some 20,000 candidates, all of whom had completed a comprehensive questionnaire and been interviewed in their home environment. They came from rural and urban areas, represented a variety of professions and trades, with many skills and talents.

There were war widows, the sole supportors of their families, bereaved mothers and mothers of war invalids. One or two were barely literate, mothers of large families,

but their children were graduating from high school and continuing to universities. Many had not known they were candidates; their forms had been submitted by husbands or children. They represented a rich tapestry of human experience, courage, struggle, sorrow, tragedy, success and satisfaction.

### Good cooks

All were proud housewives, well organized, managing mostly without help of any kind. All believed they were good cooks, wise in the ways of budgeting. They had hobbies, were creative, shopped, washed, ironed, sewed, had time for movies, theatre, outings. They were active on several committees, helped neighbours, soldiers, immigrants.

Most of them read the press and kept abreast of events. TV and radio helped. They were vocal and had views on current issues. They were angry with what they thought were unfair or discriminatory policies. Many wanted a better deal for working mothers, income tax assessments, more day creches and pre-kindergartens, longer school days, equal pay for equal work, the staggering of hours. They were most concerned with unsatisfactory housing conditions and the inability of their marriageable children to find apartments with prices soaring above conceivable savings.

It was not easy to select the winner. Emmy Sivoni, who was eventually chosen, is a public health nurse who immigrated from Morocco in the 50s. She lives in Beisan, is attractive, smart and an obvious leader. Mother of four children, with her parents sharing their small home, both she and her husband are involved in almost every facet of life in the community. A Beisan delegation that attended the Mother of the Year celebration at Beit Hanassi was asked whether the almost nightly shelling to which they were subjected would cause them to seek homes elsewhere. The reply was that they might indeed leave Beisan if the quality of the educational facilities and teaching did not improve. Kalachnikov's shelling would only strengthen their determination to stay. Emmy Sivoni is the same breed.

### Achievement

These women are authentic representatives of women's liberation. They do not need oratory and demonstrations or to dispense with bras in order to prove their worth as individuals. They have an obvious feeling of achievement and personal fulfillment as women, mothers, and wives, but mostly as equal members contributing to the limit of their abilities to the society and country of which they are proud citizens.

We tend to be self-critical, very conscious of the abody and the incompetent in our midst. We sometimes wonder how so much ineptness can produce outstanding results. The answer is clear. The majority of our people, and mostly its women, go about their work quietly and effectively. They are reliable, responsible and innovative. Good people with much practical wisdom and common sense. They deserve this special tribute to them.

## Proud parents watch missile launch

By Lea Levavi

Jerusalem Post Reporter

TEL AVIV. — FOR several Ramat Gan parents, there was "nothing in the world more natural" than leaving home at 3.30 a.m. on the morning of June 21st, and going to Tel Aviv's Country Club. Their sons, eleven graders in the Fine Mechanics Department of Ort's Boys' Vocational High School in Ramat Gan, were about to fire missiles they had spent five months constructing.

"So wouldn't every parent come?" asked Mrs. Buchvalter — mother of one of the three boys who made the missiles — when I met her and other parents at Ort headquarters last week to discuss the parents' attitude toward the memorable occasion, and toward their children's education in general. Many educators claim Israeli parents are not sufficiently involved in their children's education and it was comforting to find parents who seemed unaware of this theory.

Mr. Inaband, a taxi driver, explained how the parents had arranged to drive the pupils, and take the equipment, to the launching site behind the country club. But he was modest about it — after all, isn't that a father's job? His son Zeev also joined in the conversation: "I think part of what makes both us and our parents so interested in school is the particular teacher who worked with us on the missiles, Mr. Kirsh. He doesn't act like a teacher; more like a friend."

### Sole interest

Mr. Strauch, a textile craftsman, explained: "My son Moshe had been studying a less difficult branch of mechanics until this year. When he got into this class, he seemed afraid he wouldn't keep up with the other boys. He told me, for instance, that the other boys talk about their hobbies in front of the class but he was ashamed to give a talk on his interest in missiles."

When we had a parents' meeting, I said a few words about this to Mr. Kirsh. I don't know what he did, but apparently got Moshe to talk about his hobby and that's how they got the idea of building missiles. Two other boys, Zeev Buchvalter and Yitzhak Gutman, worked with Moshe on the project, with Mr. Kirsh's guidance. After two months, the first firing experiment (in which the parents also participated) was held. The second, five months after the project began, was held on June 21.

These missiles "weren't very complicated," Zeev explained. The base, incidentally, was a special pressure pipe used in Mr. Strauch's manufacturing operation, which he donated. Next year, the three boys want to build a bigger and more complicated missile as their final (senior year) project.

### Further next year

"We estimated that the missiles we fired this time went at about 1.5 times the speed of sound for 2 to 2.5 kilometres. The big one we want to build next year will need a larger air space because it will go much further. Mr. Kirsh thinks we will have to fire it in the Negev to have enough air space without endangering the population. But meanwhile we're waiting for permission from the school administration."

The three parents all agreed that vocational high school, which offers both academic matriculation and vocational training, was a more practical education than a regular academic high school. "If a boy is

willing to take on all the extra work."

After matriculation, a junior technological college programme may be offered at the school to prepare boys for higher-level technical jobs. "I know I work harder than my friends in academic high schools," Zeev said. "When I come home from school, they're already resting after their meal. But at least I'll have a trade when I graduate."



Family and friends watch as the three boys get ready to fire their missile.

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מכירת הארץ



# Originality and professional cuts

Suede applique kimono jacket (left) designed and executed by Elisheva Eyok for a project involving the use of leather and suede pieces. Right — Hat Erev's poncho of woven striped wool constructed on the basis of a circle — both are students at the Shenkar College.

By Catherine Rosenheimer  
Jerusalem Post Fashion Reporter

**RAMAT GAN**  
THE Shenkar College for Fashions and Textiles wound up two years of operation last week, with its first-ever fashion show of students' work. Over 50 models wore shown by some 30 students — 16 of them the College's first graduate to complete the two-year fashion design course, the remainder students who have just completed their first year.

Reactions to the show—both mine and those of members of the textile industry in the audience—were very positive. At least a dozen of the students proved themselves extremely talented, promising and professional—and very possibly a good many more: it is always unfair to judge a designer, and particularly a student, on the basis of one or two models in a show.

What was interesting about many of the clothes was that they combined originality with good professional cuts, suitable for mass production. There were few of the really wild, way-out Art School student type clothes but also plenty which were far from dull and conventional. This speaks well for the College's training, which is intended to teach and encourage good, exciting fashion design, but within the framework of working for a strictly commercial, mass-producing fashion industry with all its manufacture and marketing problems.

Clothes shown were divided into various groups—free design in beach, day, hostess and evening wear and special projects—for example, a series of designs made up in felt, others in lightweight silky-looking knits and what is commonly known here as "Arab cloth"—the undyed muslin, or toile material, which is cheap and readily available and happens, at the moment, to be high fashion for smocks and shirts. The name derives from the days when such fabric was available only from Arab workshops, although today several Israeli factories produce it.

Exceptionally good were designs by Rachel Bornfeld, tremendously neat in cut and execution and with definite personality—they included a chic little sailor dress in red, white and blue with cut-away back and sail-boat motif, and a very good-looking, flaring back-fastening tunic in muslin, trimmed with a geometric applique design on the yoke in red, yellow and green felt strips topping well-out red denim Oxford bags. Also by the same designer was a reversible jacket in red and green blanket checks with puff-top sleeves and an interestingly cut long-point collar.

Ronny Stopper was another student of whom we are likely to be hearing more: his designs were very well-cut, very clean in line. Outstanding were a side-fastening turquoise jump suit sitting extremely well on the body, a really well-tailored safari jacket and bermudas in

heavy-weight "Arab cloth," and a Mao collared black corduroy man's jacket with nice button trim on cuffs and a brilliantly coloured lining—this, incidentally, was the only male fashion in the show.

## Personality

Elisheva Eyok's designs showed distinct personality, with a touch of the theatrical but definitely wearable. Among them a maxi-length Edwardian look plum coloured cape with a big stand up collar and interesting silver buckle fastening it at the neck, and the suede applique kimono jacket—seen here in one of the photographs.

Among the many smocks shown, the biggest round of applause went—deservedly—to Jona Hess, who showed one with Peter Pan collar and little puff sleeves, very cleverly combining red and white and blue and white polka dots in different scales to very striking effect.

Although one often feels that the "Oriental Look" in fashions has been overdone on the local fashion scene, often verging on pure "kitch" there were at least two examples in the show of clothes along these lines which were definitely original and different. Sara Federman drew gasps from the audience with a superb maxi in neutral muslin with beautiful elbow length puff sleeves and a square off V—neckline edged in black and red stripes with the same stripes used as a back-tying belt, slotting under the dress's front

panel. The fabric known as "Gaza stripes," is actually woven in Mas-kil's workshops and is a modern, re-coloured interpretation of traditional Gaza-made caftan fabric, with a definitely oriental flavour.  
Rivka Flackovitz made an interesting dress out of yellow Kheffot (Arab headress) ingeniously sewn together to give a halter neck and backless bodice, and a Cinderella-look raggedy edged long skirt.

## Skill

Quilting—expected to feature very strongly in forthcoming Autumn collections—requires considerable skill, both in execution and incorporation into a wearable garment. Two nice examples were Lianna Kalid's long sleeveless waistcoat in grey quilting with a long point red polka dot collar—well teamed with a matching quilted holdall, also by the same designer. A yellow flannel jacket by Marit Muller looked extremely chic and well made, with a quilted yoke and collar.

Hal Erev showed originality in the construction of a caftan from triangular sections of striped wool fabric in red, orange and black, achieving an interesting oarwheel effect. Also by this designer was a nice blanket check jacket, collarless and with edge-to-edge front fastening, the neckline and front edges trimmed with blanket strands.

To mention just a few more note worthy fashions: a grey corduroy suit by Daphna Nazarian, the jacket Indian style, the pants Oxford bags; the colourful silk jacket lining was matched up to a bodiless, halter neck blouse in the same fabric. A particularly nice smock—again in muslin—was by Efrat Halevi with a neat, rolled neckline well-defined pleats, running vertically and horizontally.

Sara Goldschlager showed two interesting shirt designs: one a peasant-style, brief blouse in madras check cotton used on the straight grain of the fabric with in contrast, panel effectively bias cut in contrast. She also showed a striking bell-sleeved blouse with light bodice in applique felt pieces in yellow, red and orange, nicely joined together with zig-zag stitching. Noteworthy among the final line-up of evening wear was Lea Peleg's black satin battledress jacket, worn over a black crepe overall, well cut with a halter neck, bare back and deep-plunge front décolleté.

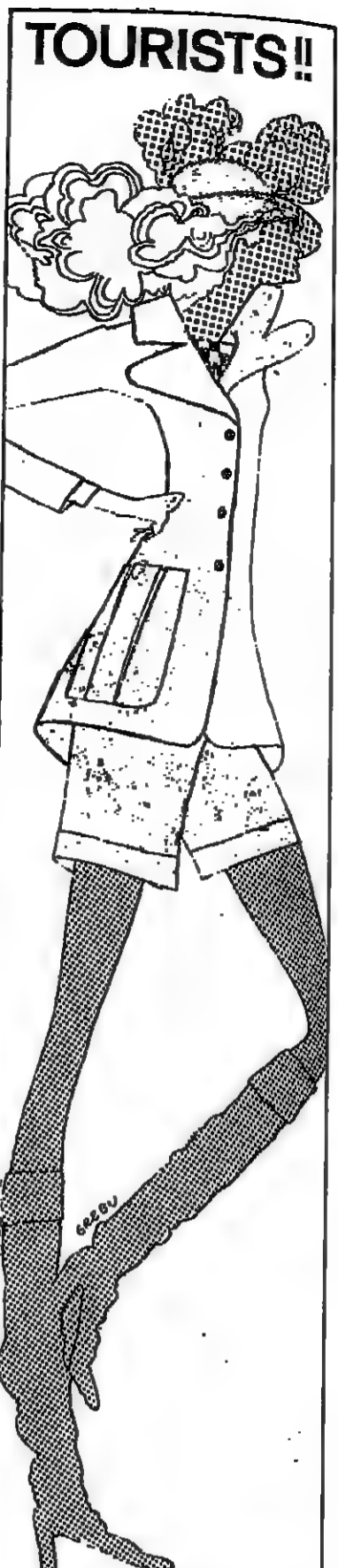
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A TOTAL of 109 students made up the Shenkar College's first group of graduates last week, from its five faculties: textile technology, production management, textile management and marketing, fashion design and textile design. According to Dr. Alex Lerner, Chairman of the College's Board of Governors, practically all students have already found jobs within the local textile industry and a few will be continuing their studies abroad during the coming year.

If the creditable standards which were clearly demonstrated in the Shenkar College's graduation Fashion show apply equally to other faculties (where it is obviously harder to demonstrate achievements in front of an invited audience) then it looks as though the College is well on its way to achieving the aim for which it was set up: to provide the Israeli textile industry with professionally trained middle management personnel.

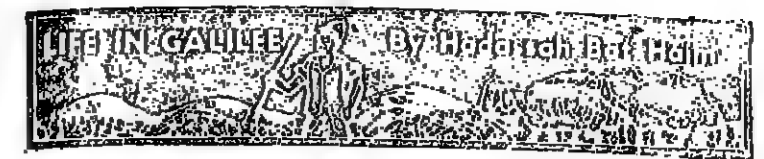
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# CIVIC MINDED

BEING a civic minded citizen I attend with resignation, if not enthusiasm a meeting called to discuss Civil Defence and duty fill in a form listing skills, availability and location. I write that I am a moderate cook — privately I think I am an excellent cook, but this is no place to boast. Presumably ability to peel potatoes and boil eggs will be considered as much of an asset as a light hand with pastry.

I also indicate past experience with heavy vehicles and present acquaintance with local traffic conditions and express a willingness, not more to accommodate some displaced persons. I am ready, I confirm to undertake mental but necessary tasks such as rolling bandages or making beds, the inexpert performance of which will not endanger anybody's life or well being.

The response to the form comes promptly and efficiently. It consists of ten pages of closely printed instructions outlining my duties in case of need. The chances of being able to render this outpouring into anything intelligible before all the parties to the present state of tension have become honourable ancestors is rather remote.

I am not too confident of myself in the arena of small print even in my native tongue and this one takes several linguists and a legal advisor to unravel and transform into the vernacular. The gist of it is, if the consensus of opinion is trustworthy that I shall hold myself in readiness to direct and guide unspecified numbers of women and children to establishments which will have been prepared for them, write down their particulars and supply their immediate needs — against their signatures from stores whose disposition will be made known to me at the appropriate time.

## Instant panic

This directive fills me with instant panic. The mere thought of trying to handle small children, with or without their mothers, trying to convince them to go here rather than there, or stay put while I go and look for the man with the key, or even attempt to distribute goods to people who will either believe I am making a great profit of will violently disagree with my allocu-

tion is enough to give me nightmares. What it needs is someone like my former Sergeant and there are enough in town like her to leave me for lesser jobs.

Desperately I trudge from office to office till I find someone who will at least listen and to him I explain that it is not that I am reluctant to do my share to save the nation,

On the contrary my only concern is to implement the efforts of the authorities and reduce the inconvenience of the innocent population in any way I can. This way I can't. Nothing, I tell him earnestly will induce alarm and dependency so quickly as the spectacle of me giving ineffective orders which will be totally ignored.

After a life-time of rigorous training by my family in non-interference in their affairs, it takes me hours of patient negotiation before I can persuade even one child to comply with what I consider the most basic and essential rules of behaviour. At a time when the opportunities for sweet and reasonable argument with consideration of

all points of view, will be returning to me just nothing of my own doing in getting anyone to do anything they did not intend to do in the first place. He tells me not to worry. He will have me registered as a librarian or something else, like that and I will be able to wash dishes.  
Later, at another meeting, we are thanked for our attendance and co-operation at great length by various town dignitaries and told that we hope the day will never come, but we all have to be prepared. We are requested to fill in a form at the door which will make known our skills, availability and location.



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# TEACHERS for the SUMMER

**HASSIA** Levy-Agron has done it again. As director of the Dance Department at the Rubin Academy in Jerusalem, she has assembled an outstanding roster of guest teachers for the two-week "Summer School" in August. More than 100 students have enrolled — some from abroad — and there is a waiting list.

On the list of teachers are American Jane Dudley and Swiss Jean Deroc. For neither is this a "first" in Israel.



Jane Dudley — expert in Graham

director of the London School of Contemporary Dance, known among dancers as "the Place." There she gives courses in teaching methods that have attracted students from far and wide — Israel too. At the Rubin Academy she will teach the "Graham" techniques, of which she is an expert, having been long associated with the Martha Graham company and studios in New York.

Jean Deroc, who was here some years ago, is a choreographer of note and a ballet-master of eminence in Switzerland. He will teach classical ballet at the Summer School.

As pianist for the classical classes there will be a new immigrant from Russia, Viktor Manevitch, who was class pianist at the famous Vaganova School in Leningrad — the school from which the Kirov Ballet dancers graduate.

Another guest teacher will be Fred Berk, known in the U.S. as "Mr. Israeli Dance of America." Anne Wilson, who was here recently, told me that he has been teaching folk dance for a quarter century, including Tareel dance, and has launched about 100 groups. Here he will give master classes in various aspects of folk dance. It is interesting to note that in his younger days he was a pupil of our Gertrud Kraus in Vienna.

Joan B. Cass, a recent immigrant from the U.S., will give lectures on "The Aesthetics of Choreography" with film illustrations.

Spanish Dance will for the second time be on the "Summer School" schedule. The classes will be given by Spanish dancer-guitarist "Juan" (Ezer Zebulun) who came to Israel several years ago and now works with Tatiana Igle-sias. They have formed a Spanish Dance and Guitar Group. There will also be a course

in mime — this, for the first time. The teacher is still to be announced.

Courses will also be given by Gertrud Kraus (creative choreography), Clara Volini (character dance), Aubrey Halpern (jazz) and by Benjamin Zemach, who was director and choreographer of ballet in California until he came to settle in Israel a year ago.

That large van with "Traders Continental Services, Surbiton, Surrey, England" written all over it, has gone from the roads between Caesarea and Beerseba. It isn't standing any more outside the Bin-yevet Ha'omna in Jerusalem or the Mann Auditorium in Tel Aviv. The London Festival Ballet has departed. Yet it has left an aura — and a hint that it may return some time.

The company flew back to London for a day before flying off again to Nervi (Italy) and Nice (France) and Yugoslavia. The "Traders Continental Services" van will meet them there, bringing all the "props" — costumes, decor and huge basketsful of ballet shoes.

The London Festival Ballet has travelled extensively in the past decade. Yet the Israel tour was in many ways a new experience. One of the ballet masters, Donald Barclay, described his impressions thus before he left:

"The audiences were very appreciative everywhere, but I felt they hadn't seen a lot of classical ballet before. They were so still — as if seeing it all for the first time. I wish we could come back and show them more of our huge repertoire."

The company was delighted



Jean Deroc — classiciat

with the success of the tour but had found it strenuous. The long distances were a surprise, "and two performances a day meant that the dancers had to hold their concentration for five hours — which, in addition to practice time, is very demanding," Donald Barclay explained.

Also, he did not like taped music. "A performance has to have a sense of occasion, and without an orchestra, that is lost," he said.

Terence Kern, the London Festival Ballet chief conductor, agreed with this view. He had come to supervise the tapes and the rehearsals.

Those tapes cost \$10,000 (before the pound began to float) but they made us feel frustrated. There's no atmosphere without live sound in classical dance. We tried to find an average of performance when we recorded the music with our own orchestra and we used Ansermet recordings for "Igor" and "Scheherazade" because he was such a marvellous conductor, but the



Maina Gielgud — talent, trying, training

Patrice Bart — a classical basis to modernism

trouble is there is no compromise with tapes — nothing to relate dancers with the orchestra. Next time we must come with an orchestra. We need only about 40 players, after all."

In Italy and France, there will be orchestras, but in Yugoslavia, the tapes will be used again. "It's the first time that the Musicians' Union has allowed us to use recorded music — and then only for abroad, not in Britain," said Terence Kern.

There were other — and better — "firsts" on this tour. Maina Gielgud, for instance, made her first appearance as "resident prima ballerina" with the company. "I have danced with the London Festival Ballet before, but

only as a guest," said the lovely young star. Sitting on the theatre baskets backstage, she told me something of her career — already long and varied.

Born in England, she began very early to study with Karavina and Egorova (hence her Russian style). Then she danced in Rosella Hightower's and Roland Petit's companies.

For four years Maina Gielgud was in Béjart's "Ballet of the 20th Century" (coming here next month) and for a year after that in the Berlin Ballet of which Balanchine was the artistic director. In that time she also did a lot of "guesting" — in Russia, in the Orient, Europe and the U.S. "coast-to-coast."

Her recipe for success: "Ta-

lent first but perseverance most of all — and classical training. If you have that, you can do everything else."

Patrice Bart, guest dancer from the Paris Opera Ballet where he is a principal, held the same view. "To do modern ballet well, you have to have a good classical basis," he said. Besides his classical roles, he likes working with Béjart who comes often to Paris.

Béjart also came up in a talk I had with Beryl Grey, the London Festival Ballet director. She told me he would be creating a ballet for the company later this year. "That's something of a scoop," she said, "because he seldom if ever does ballets for any company but his own."

## Out with the old in with the new...

Ekged's fleet remains always young — new buses are continuously introduced into its service. During the last two years 875 new buses have been bought. Each new bus is better equipped and more comfortable than the one it replaces.

# THIS IS EGGED



# Sophisticated farce has a feeling for the poor

**RUZZENTE RETURNS FROM THE BATTLEFIELD** and **BILLODA** by Angelo Beolco (Itazentico), translated by Jonathan Dobosorsky, at Tzavia. Directed by Edna Shavit.

The theatre is becoming sophisticated. Tzavia is now showing two one-act plays by an obscure 16th-century Italian playwright whose fame, such as it was, never really crossed the Alps. Angelo Beolco, better known by his stage name Ruzzente (like many of his contemporary comedy playwrights, he was also an actor), was a writer of low comedy in the earthy, bawdy manner of the Italian Renaissance.

But unlike the others of his period, he was a man whose heart bled for the exploited, the downtrodden, the hungry; and he populated his comedies with the bone-poor peasants of the Padua province.

In *Biloda*, a ragged peasant comes to town in search of his wife, who ran off to live with a rich old money lender. Unable to win her back — the wench clearly states that she prefers to live with the repulsive oldster because he feeds and dresses her well — he kills his rival. In *Ruzzente Returns from the Battlefield*, another peasant comes back to his village after a stint of soldiering to find that his wife had meantime taken up with the local thug. Ruzzente, who went

to fight in order to pick up some loot, came back with nothing; the village was hit by drought; everybody is starving except the local robbers; and his wife — who likes her three squares a day — prefers to stay with her lover, who is capable of providing them. In his despair, Ruzzente finds refuge in a dream in which all the villagers stuff themselves with delicious roast chickens, singing and dancing in their full-bellied bliss.

The dialogue in both pieces is rich in allusions to food, to the

tesque costumes and postures look alive and interesting and are impersonated by a keen cast which includes Sasson Gabai, Yossi Yablonka, Itzik Aloni, Rachel Levi and Asher Ostrovsky. Jonathan Dobosorsky made a valiant effort to accomplish the impossible — to translate a local argot into a language which has no argots and is, moreover, singularly poor in obscene expressions. He solved the problem by making the characters speak an exaggerated brand of illiterate Hebrew. It works fairly well, except that the constant repetition of the four or five obscene expressions becomes monotonous.



Good impersonations by Rachel Levy, Asher Tsarfati (centre) and Sasson Gabai in Ruzzente Returns. (Agor)

## THEATRE Mendel Kohnsky

eliminary functions of the body, and to sex. The humor is basic but on occasions poignant, especially when the social aspects are touched upon. The pathetic ending of *Ruzzente* — the dream of full bellies — is a most amusing scene demonstrating the utter hopelessness of the hero's struggle.

Director Edna Shavit fleshed out the rather thin text with rich visual effects and action; the characters with their gro-

## A nothing about nobodies



Shmuel Atzmon thinks he's acting; Lea Koenig at least tries to put some character into a boring, boring, boring Picnic for Two. (Agor)

**PICNIC FOR TWO** by Aldo Niccoli, translated by Zvi Rosen, at Habimah. Directed by Zvi Stolper, set and costumes by Lydia Pincus-Gani, music by Felde Schatzman, lighting by Nathan Panizca.

*Picnic for Two* is an exceedingly uninteresting play about two of the most uninteresting people I remember seeing on the stage, who throughout the entire evening did nothing to pull me out of the stupor induced by a long, hot day. Rupec, who once had literary ambitions and now prospers in the manufacture of toilet seats, and Mira, whom he met by accident in the street ages ago and fell in love with at first (or second) sight, have for years been bored out of their minds with each other. To relieve the ennui, Rupec naturally tried an extramarital affair, which ended when the lady of

his dreams was arrested for soliciting on the street. Mira also tried to escape the emptiness of her marriage by taking a lover, and fared even worse: the young man used her love letters for blackmail. That was a while ago. Now, on a routine Sunday morning, the two go out to the seashore for a picnic, and it is boredom, boredom, boredom — on the stage as well as in the audience.

Lea Koenig, an actress who deserves better, unsuccessfully tries to give some character to the character she plays; Shmuel Atzmon falls back comfortably on his familiar languid snail-like, he seems to think, is acting. Director Zvi Stolper made his contribution to this long yawn.

FRIDAY, JULY 14, 1972

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All over the musical world plans are made years ahead, and detailed programmes are available many months in advance of concerts, then

MUSIC and MUSICIANS by YOHANNAN BOEHM

# WHY CAN'T THE IPO PLAN AHEAD?

particularly when

## The Radio's Orchestra does

THE organization of the world of music is so intensive that programmes are made, and contracts with artists are signed, two and three years ahead. In old, established music centres abroad, brochures advertising renewal of season tickets have been out for some time already, and prospective subscribers are aware, for example, that the concert to take place on March 23 (1973) will have this conductor and that soloist and will contain works by Delius, Beethoven and Dvorak. Why is it that they can do it, while our own Philharmonic Orchestra keeps its programmes and schedules so secret? Only a few names are mentioned, and everything in the IPO's announcements on future plans is shrouded in mystery.

It is probably still a hangover from earlier times, when—due to war riots or other objective difficulties—it was never possible to plan ahead. Under public pressure, some years ago, the IPO started to give us some information ahead of time—but no dates. It was a great victory when the management agreed to publish at least the next concert in the series in the programme booklet. Isn't it time for the IPO, too, to spruce up its organization and get in line with other organizations in the field?

gether even if there are only one or two public concerts with these personalities.

Israeli conductors will provide about half the dates: Mendi Rodan and Gary Bertini have four concerts each; Yurii Aronovich, three; George Singer, two; and Avi Ostrovsky, Noam Sheriff, Shalom Ronli-Riklis and Dalila Atlas, one each. Sergiu Comissiona and Avraham Kaplan have two dates each, and our old friend Heinz Freudenthal will visit us for two concerts.

### Guests with batons

Among the guest conductors, Dean Dixon has been here before; Paul Caplinger, Alfredo Antonini, Enea Rachlin and Ferraro de la Fuente are newcomers to our concert halls.

Local soloists (all pianists) include Prina Saisman, Mindu Kats, Yehli Wagnan, Carmen Or, Irina Zeritskaya, Bracha Eiden and Alexander Tamir, David Barlan, Shulamit Ran, Nathan Brand, Anneliese Schier-Tessen, Hulya Saydam, Rosalyn Tyreek, Claude Helffer and Theodore Letvin. Present pianists from abroad.

Local string-players to appear include Odeoro Partos, Alexander Tal, Uri Planka, David Chen, Simha Heled, Uri Weiss and Daniel Benyamini, with Ivry Gitlis and Lorand Fenyes paying home visits. Guests who have been here before are Sidney Harth, Martine Gellot, Roman Totenberg; new names include Rada Aldulescu, cello; Gustavo Zekerman, bass; violin; George Zekerman, bassoon; Robert Davidovici, violin; Yona Ettlinger, the Israeli clarinetist, will also appear.

Singers are very sparsely represented: Remia Samsonov, Anat Breiter, Zilla Grossmeyer and Willy Haparnas are the only names listed—though, Rossini's

"Moses," the "Creation" by Haydn, and perhaps Kaplan's programme with Bloch and Charpentier may give some other singers an opportunity to join the orchestra.

Apart from two programmes with the Tel Aviv Philharmonic Choir, two visitors are announced: the Berliner Concert Choir and Le Choral de la Cathedrale de Strasbourg.

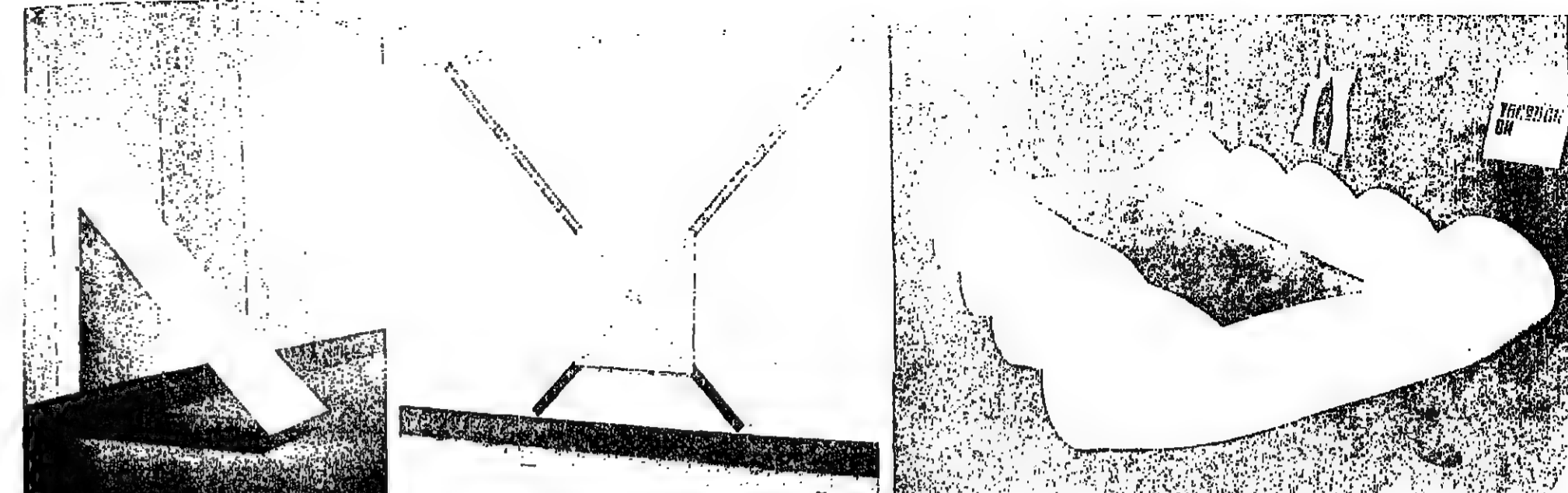
The three "marathons" are entitled "Bach," "Mozart," and "Contemporary Music." The idea is explained in the prospectus: "The young adult is not interested in attending the traditional type of concert where in three or four pieces chosen with an eye towards variety are presented in formal manner and formal wear to an audience to which the concert is all too often merely one more social event. The new concert marathon is not an 'establishment' or 'social event.' It presents music inexpensively and informally. There is some communication from the artist to the audience, that is short commentary, as there might be at a rock concert. The music, however, is played straight, unarranged, and without pauses or intermissions. It is uninterrupted like a long dream: five hours of Baroque music, or of Bach or Mozart or Beethoven or American music or far out new music, etc. In other words, it is no a potpourri, but one world. At the end the listener has the feeling of having become part of that world. He has been 'through something.' The public is presented with a programme in the form of a time sheet, so that the people know what will be heard when. They may walk in and out. According to our experience, they mostly walk in."

In principle, any experiment to draw new and younger audiences into confrontation with music is to be hailed as a commendable deed. However, receptivity for music demands certain group behaviour if the listener wants to draw music intelligently as a complex achievement of the human mind to convey emotional or intellectual experiences—not only

### Conductor from USSR

Yurii Aronovich, a recent immigrant from the U.S.S.R., in addition to sharing the rostrum of the Haifa Symphony Orchestra with Avi Ostrovsky, will act as a sort of house conductor to the Broadcasting Orchestra. He will be charged with preparing the orchestra for new scores, visiting conductors and direct recording sessions; hold auditions for musicians and soloists; and act as adviser to the directorate. This arrangement will be tried out for a year.

The orchestra plans to absorb some 25 additional musicians, mostly string-players, within four years. The absorption authorities are helping to finance the orchestra after stringent auditions screen out all but the best available. On probation for a year, these musicians will have another audition at the end of that period, and then it will be decided if the player is taken on permanently. In due course, the development of the symphony orchestra will enable it to cope with ever-more-demanding scores and to widen its scope of activities, to stand up to its role as the second symphony orchestra of the country with sufficient strength and quality—a process aided considerably in the past nine years by outgoing chief conductor Mendi Rodan.

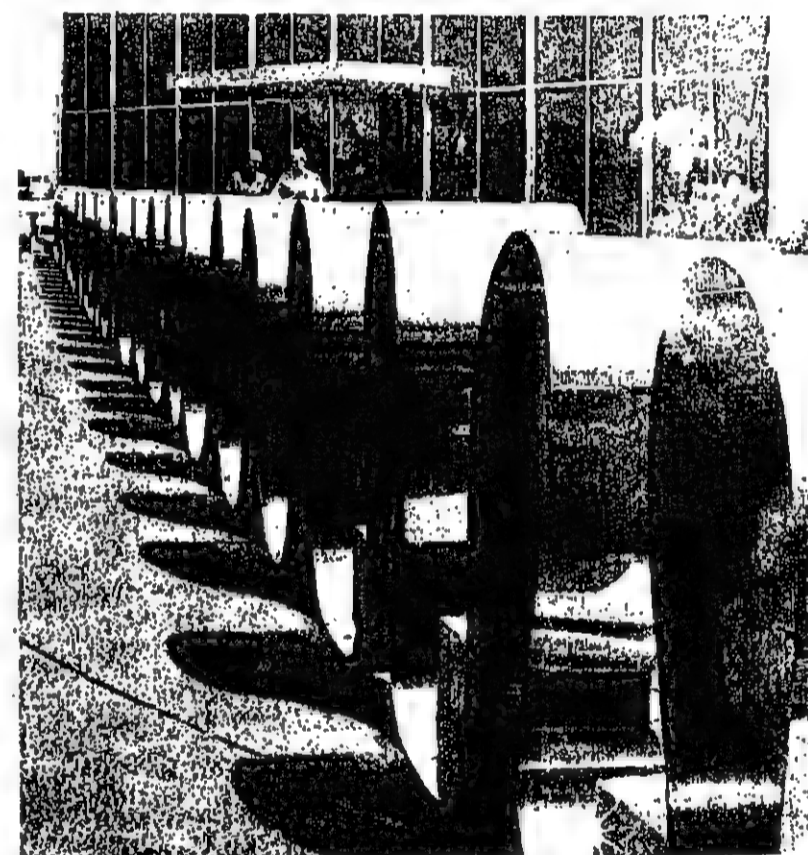


Steel plate suspended from wall of Israel Museum makes shadow that encloses space and becomes part of the sculpture. Black tape pasted on wall emerges from beneath picture surfaces on which smaller form has been painted in grey colour corresponding to that seen through the translucent plastic surface. Steel plate weighing one ton dropped onto five columns of foam rubber creates a new sculptural form. (Photos by Milton and Emma)

# Benni Efrat: Alpine guide of Israeli art

by Meir Ronnen

POST Art Editor



Gigantic steel "spring" on the Museum plans was spontaneously formed when Efrat unrolled and unnailed up a tremendous length of imported stainless steel sheeting of very fine gauge. It is weighted with cement blocks and shimmers in the wind. The sculptor had to pay customs duty on the steel, even though it cannot be used again after the work is dismantled.

LESS than a decade ago Benni Efrat, 37, was a graduate of the Avni Institute who was, by his own account, just another young painter of no particular distinction. Today, working out of London, he is possibly the only Israeli-born artist since Ya'acov Agam to make a decisive mark on the international art scene. Yet he is still almost unknown here. He is not likely to remain so. This week Efrat opened an exhibition at the Israel Museum bursting with new ideas, most of them works put together on the spot. They are evidence that Efrat is not just another artist but a genuine originator. His works are not paintings or graphics or sculptures in the accepted sense of these terms. They are objects that express ideas in a way that combines elements of all these mediums.

How did Efrat achieve all this? The mainpinner seemed to have been his recognition of the fact that he had little hope of finding a new path through conventional approaches to painting; and that he would never make his mark as an individual unless he invented a whole new language of his own. He is a remarkable case of a conscious decision not only to build a better mousetrap, but to invent an entirely new mouse as well. There is some parallel with business men who have coldly surveyed the market to find a product that nobody else is selling and who have made a million

by presenting it in an entirely new and attractive package. In the cases where will-power is combined with creative ideas, the successful man is hailed, often rightly, as a genius.

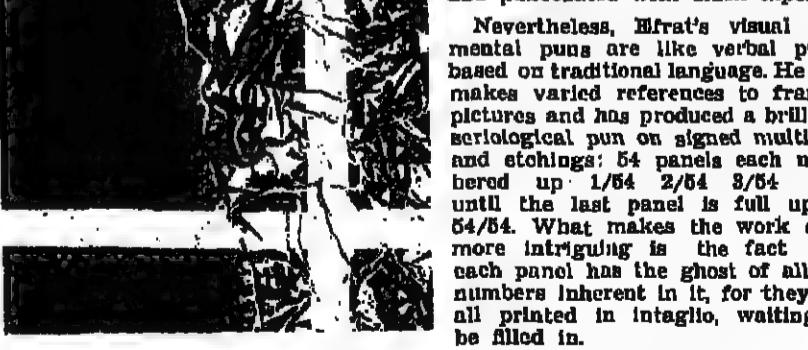
Efrat has been putting new products in new packages on the market for over five years. The Tate and the Guggenheim have recently acquired his works and his sculptures stand in banks and outside the Boeing works in Seattle. No one product or package of his is like the other. While Efrat presents images and techniques that are increasingly becoming recognizable as "his," he has no particular style, sticks to no particular form and never, really repeats himself. Each series of works is an entirely new mousetrap.

And while some works may look crude, all of them are fabulously expensive. Only a financially successful young sculptor with some powerful patrons could afford to build works specially for a single show, works that eat up hundreds of yards of canvas and expensive wooden stretchers, 12-ton blocks of sawn stone, steel plates that weigh a ton and a hundred metres of rolled sheet steel that cannot be used again, all to demonstrate one's originality for a matter of weeks. The feature is as large as the concepts. (Despite an allocation from the Museum, Efrat also put his Sandberg Prize towards the costs and apart from the support of a friend and a foreign purchase, paid for the rest himself.)

Any visitor can thus get to grips with Efrat's objects without any difficulty if he approaches the show without trying to compare it to his past experience with more traditional works (how quickly abstract painting became "traditional"). A steel plate suspended from the wall at a terrifying angle throws a shadow that becomes part of the work. A rectangular pan on a ton in weight, dropped with precision onto a bed of foam-rubber columns, defines a whole new form which rears up in tension. A steel cable winds its way like a snake through an artery cut in the face of three plates of marble. A gigantic black "X" grows out of the picture frame and right up the wall. The latter is symbolic of this artist's efforts to go beyond the confines of tradition. Next to it, a bar of light is projected on the wall and punctuated with black tape.

Nevertheless, Efrat's visual and mental puns are like verbal puns, based on traditional language. He still makes varied references to framed pictures and has produced a brilliant serological pun on signed multiples and etchings: 54 panels each numbered up 1/54 2/54 3/54 etc., until the last panel is full up at 54/54. What makes the work even more intriguing is the fact that each panel has the ghost of all the numbers inherent in it, for they are all printed in intaglio, waiting to be filled in.

A now-famous Efrat image, at hundreds of metres of canvas went into this "canvas-on-canvas" collage, a detail of which is shown at right. Efrat wants \$40,000 for it and if there are no buyers, he will use it as débris despite the great cost of the construction of this unusual "tapestry" to fit the Museum wall.



Hundreds of metres of canvas went into this "canvas-on-canvas" collage, a detail of which is shown at right. Efrat wants \$40,000 for it and if there are no buyers, he will use it as débris despite the great cost of the construction of this unusual "tapestry" to fit the Museum wall.

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TODAY: 06.10: Mendelssohn: Octet; Schubert: Sextet; 09.05: "Jazz" by Beethoven; Verdi: "Ave Maria"; 11.07 p.m.: Schubert: "The Unfinished Symphony".

MONDAY: 06.10: Mendelssohn: Octet; Schubert: Sextet; 09.05: "Jazz" by Beethoven; Verdi: "Ave Maria"; 11.07 p.m.: Schubert: "The Unfinished Symphony".

TUESDAY: 06.10: Mendelssohn: Octet; Schubert: Sextet; 09.05: "Jazz" by Beethoven; Verdi: "Ave Maria"; 11.07 p.m.: Schubert: "The Unfinished Symphony".

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All over the musical world plans are made years ahead, and detailed programmes are available many months in advance of concerts, then

# WHY CAN'T THE IPO PLAN AHEAD?

particularly when

## The Radio's Orchestra does

THE organization of the world of music is so intensive that programmes are made, and contracts with artists are signed, two and three years ahead. In old, established music centres abroad, brochures advertising seasonal tickets have been out for some time already, and prospective subscribers are aware, for example, that the concert to take place on March 23 (1973) will have this conductor and that soloist will contain works by Beethoven and Dvorak. Why is it that they can do it, while our own Philharmonic Orchestra keeps its programmes and schedules so secret? Only a few names are mentioned, and everything in the IPO's announcements on future plans is shrouded in mystery.

It is probably still a hangover from earlier times, when—due to war, riots or other objective difficulties—it was never possible to plan ahead. Under public pressure, some years ago, the IPO started to give us some information ahead of time—but no dates. It was a great victory when the management agreed to publish at least the next concert in the series in the programme booklet! Isn't it time for the IPO, too, to spruce up its organization and get in line with other organizations in the field?

So far, the only local orchestra with a programme—and dates!—ready is the Israel Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra. Its season which opens on September 12 and closes July 17, 1973—will consist of 10 concerts at the new Ha'oma, 20 concerts at the new Jerusalem Theatre, and 10 concerts to be held outside Jerusalem. In addition, three "marathons" are planned for the Jerusalem Theatre.

**To the Municipal theatre**  
After several decades of playing in the YMCA Auditorium, the growth of the symphony orchestra—in pieces and technical level—necessitates the move to a bigger place, with more stage space and better acoustics. The Jerusalem Theatre will build a shell to meet these demands. There are definite plans also to provide rehearsal rooms, control cabins, offices for the orchestra department, so that it can concentrate its work in loco.

Chief conductor and musical adviser this year will be Lucas Foss, who will spend three one-month periods with the orchestra—September, February and July. In general, the policy is that conductors will spend three to four weeks with the orchestra, enabling them to do some fruitful work to-

### MUSIC and MUSICIANS by JOHANNAN BOEHM

"Moses," the "Creation" by Haydn, and perhaps Kaplan's programme with Bloch and Charpentier may give some other singers an opportunity to join the orchestra. Apart from two programmes with the Tel Aviv Philharmonic Choir, two visitors are announced: the Berliner Concert Choir and Le Choral de la Cathedrale de Strasbourg.

The three "marathons" are entitled "Bach," "Mozart," and "Contemporary Music." The idea is explained in the prospectus: "The young adult is not interested in attending the traditional type of concert where in three or four pieces chosen with an eye towards variety are presented in formal manner and formal wear to an audience to which the concert is all too often merely one more social event. The new concert marathon is not an 'establishment' or 'social event.' It presents music inexpensively and informally. There is some communication from the artist to the audience, that is short commentary, as there might be at a rock concert. The music, however, is played straight, unarranged, and without pauses or intermissions. It is interspersed like a long dream: five hours of Baroque music, or of Bach or Mozart or Beethoven or American music or far out new music, etc. In other words, it is no a potpourri, but one world. At the end the listener has the feeling of having become part of that world. He has been 'through something.' The public is presented with a programme in the form of a time sheet, so that the people know what will be heard when. They may walk in and out. According to our experience, they mostly walk in."

In principle, any experiment to draw new and younger audiences into confrontation with music is to be hailed as a commendable deed. However, receptivity for music demands certain group behaviour if the listener wants to hear music intelligently as a complex achievement of the human mind to convey emotional or intellectual experiences—not only

as noise background to talking, cooking, walking around or making love. One recalls with indignation the latecomers at concerts who distract others with their "walking in" (to use Lucas Foss' words). If one allows audiences to walk in or out in the middle of the music, why not encourage them to whistle the tunes, or dance to the especially inviting melodies?

In a permissive society limitations are annulled and freedom granted to an ever-widening sphere of activities until the permissive society annuls itself and defeats its own good intentions. But maybe our "marathon" will work differently, and Lucas Foss will have found the solution to the famous "Egg of Columbus."

#### Conductor from USSR

Yuri Aronovich, a recent immigrant from the U.S.S.R. in addition to sharing the rostrum of the Haifa Symphony Orchestra with Avi Ostrovsky, will act as a sort of house conductor to the Broadcasting Orchestra. He will be charged with preparing the orchestra for new scores, visiting conductors and direct recording sessions; hold auditions for musicians and soloists; and act as adviser to the directorate. This arrangement will be tried out for a year.

The orchestra plans to absorb some 25 additional musicians, mostly string-players, within four years. The absorption authorities are helping to finance the "four-year plan. Every year six new musicians will be added to the orchestra after stringent auditions screen out all but the best available. On probation for a year, these musicians will have another audition at the end of that period, and then it will be decided if the player is taken on permanently. In due course, the development of the symphony orchestra will enable it to cope with ever-more-demanding scores and to widen its scope of activities, to stand up to its role as the second symphony orchestra of the country with sufficient strength and quality—a process aided considerably in the past nine years by outgoing chief conductor Mendel Rodan.

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### RADIO FOR MUSIC LOVERS

**TODAY:** 08.10: Mendelssohn: Octet; Saint-Saens: Septet. 09.05: "Jazz". 10.00: Royal Ter-Marelli: Cello Sonata; Beethoven: Violin Concerto in D major; Liszt: "Les Preludes"; Schubert: Trio No. 1. 11.30 P.M.: "The Basses": Overture — "Il Signor Bruschino" (Ravel); Mozart: Violin Concerto; Chopin: Cello Concerto; Liszt: "Les Preludes"; Liszt: "Les Preludes"; Liszt: "Les Preludes". 12.00 P.M.: Hummel: Trumpet Concerto; Schubert: Symphony No. 4; Rimsky-Korsakov: "Scheherazade"; Borodin: Polovtsian Dances. 11.00 P.M.: Sounds from the Remote East.

**WEDNESDAY:** 08.10: Paganini: Concerto No. 1 (Violin); Mendelssohn: Serenade and Allegro Giocoso, op. 43; Debussy: "Printemps" (Nunch). 1.00 P.M.: Bach: Violin Concerto in E (Mintz); Dvorak: Symphony No. 8. 6.00 P.M.: Liszt: "Les Preludes"; Liszt: "Les Preludes"; Liszt: "Les Preludes". 11.00 P.M.: Schumann: Concerto (Stillage); Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 3. 11.07 P.M.: Schumann: Cello Sonata, op. 48.

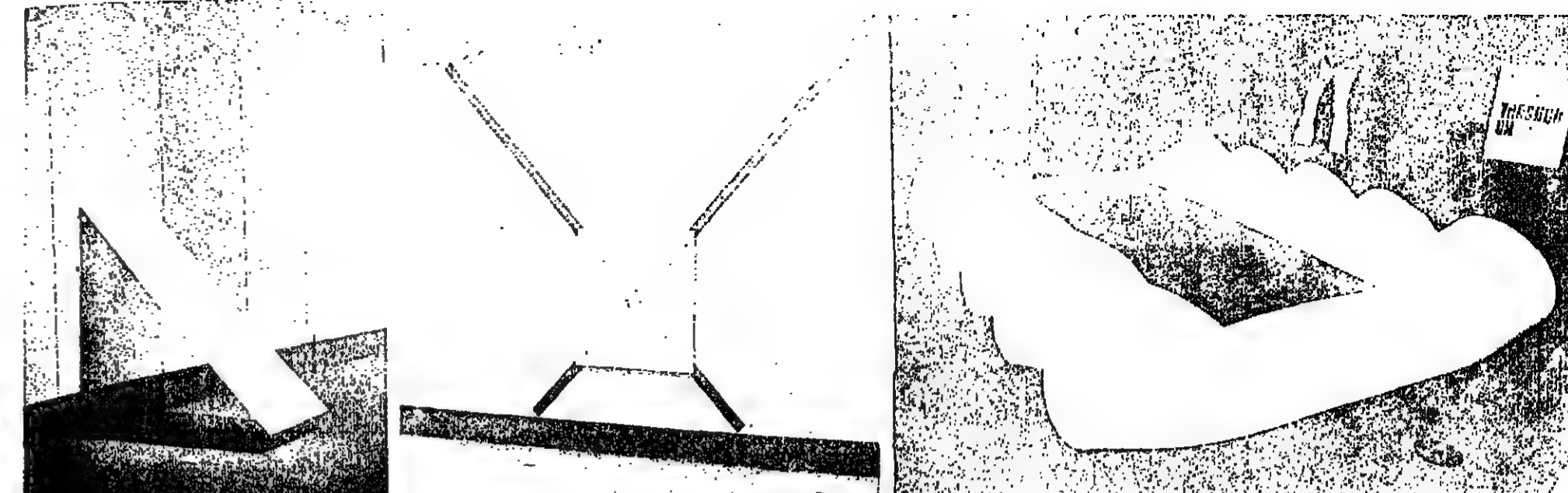
**MONDAY:** 08.10: Symphonic Dances by Liszt; Grieg: Homage to Grieg; Brahms: Overture; Bartok: "Jazz". 10.00: "Gonquilles suggest". Abraham: Concerto No. 2 (Yehuda Mikul-Rodan); Dukas: "L'Apprenti Sorcier" (Rodan). 10.00 P.M.: Mikul-Rodan plays: Haydn: Ariette-Variations; Beethoven: Sonata, op. 27, 2. Ravel: "L'Algerne Impromptu".

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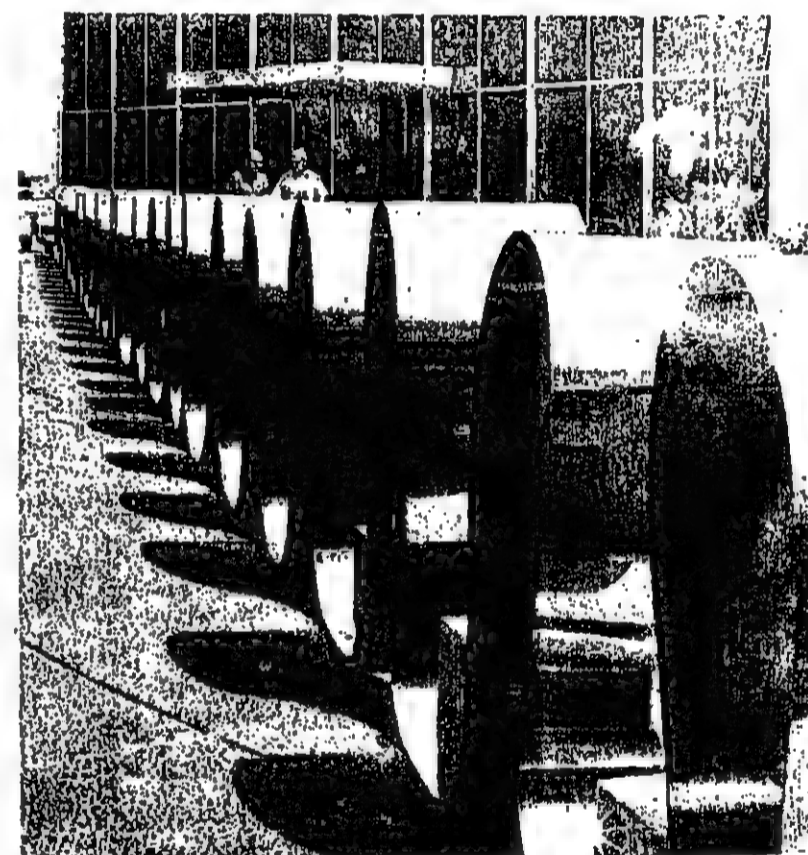


Steel plate suspended from wall of Israel Museum makes shadow that encloses space and becomes part of the sculpture. Black tape pasted on wall emerges from beneath picture surface on which smaller form has been painted in grey colour corresponding to that seen through the translucent plastic surface. Steel plate weighing one ton dropped onto five columns of foam rubber creates a new sculptural form. (Photos by Milon and Emla)

# Benni Efrat: Alpine guide of Israeli art

by Meir Ronnen

POST Art Editor



Gigantic steel "spring" on the Museum plaza was spontaneously formed when Efrat unrolled and drenched up a tremendous length of imported stainless steel sheeting of very fine gauge. It is weighted with cement blocks and shimmers in the wind. The sculptor had to pay customs duty on the steel, even though it cannot be used again after the work is dismantled.

LESS than a decade ago Benni Efrat, 37, was a graduate of the Avni Institute who was, by his own account, just another young painter of no particular distinction. Today, working out of London, he is possibly the only Israeli-born artist since Ya'acov Agam to make a decisive mark on the international art scene. Yet he is still almost unknown here. He is not likely to remain so. This week Efrat opened an exhibition at the Israel Museum bursting with new ideas, most of them works put together on the spot. They are evidence that Efrat is not just another artist but a genuine originator. His works are not paintings or graphics or sculptures in the accepted sense of these terms. They are objects that express ideas in a way that combines elements of all these mediums.

How did Efrat achieve all this? The manning seemed to have been his recognition of the fact that he had little hope of finding a new path through conventional approaches to painting; and that he would never make his mark as an individual unless he invented a whole new language of his own. He is a remarkable case of a conscious decision not only to build a better mousetrap, but to invent an entirely new mouse as well. There is some parallel with business men who have coldly surveyed the market to find a product that nobody else is selling and who have made a million

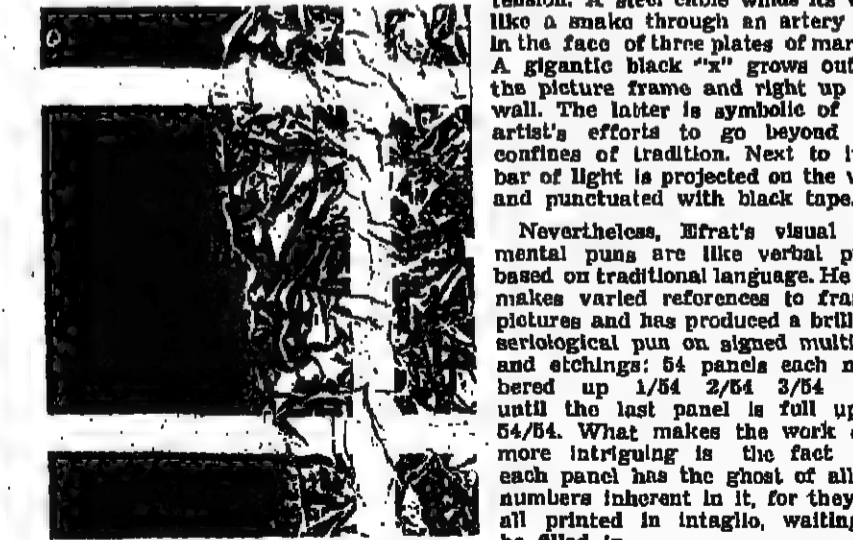
by presenting it in an entirely new and attractive package. In the cases where will-power is combined with creative ideas, the successful man is hailed, often rightly, as a genius.

Finally, Efrat's works speak for themselves. Unlike more conceptual art, they do not require any documentation nor literature nor spoken word nor, thankfully, any of the pseudo-metaphysical philosophy employed to justify many conceptual presentations elsewhere.

And while some works may look crude, all of them are fabulously expensive. Only a financially successful young sculptor with some powerful patrons could afford to build works specially for a single show, works that eat up hundreds of yards of canvas and expensive wooden stretchers, 12-ton blocks of sawn stone, steel plates that weigh a ton and a hundred metres of rolled sheet steel that cannot be used again, all to demonstrate one's originality for a matter of weeks. The feature is as large as the concept. (Despite an allocation from the Museum, Efrat also put his Sandberg Prize towards the costs and apart from the support of a friend and a foreign purchase, paid for the rest himself.)

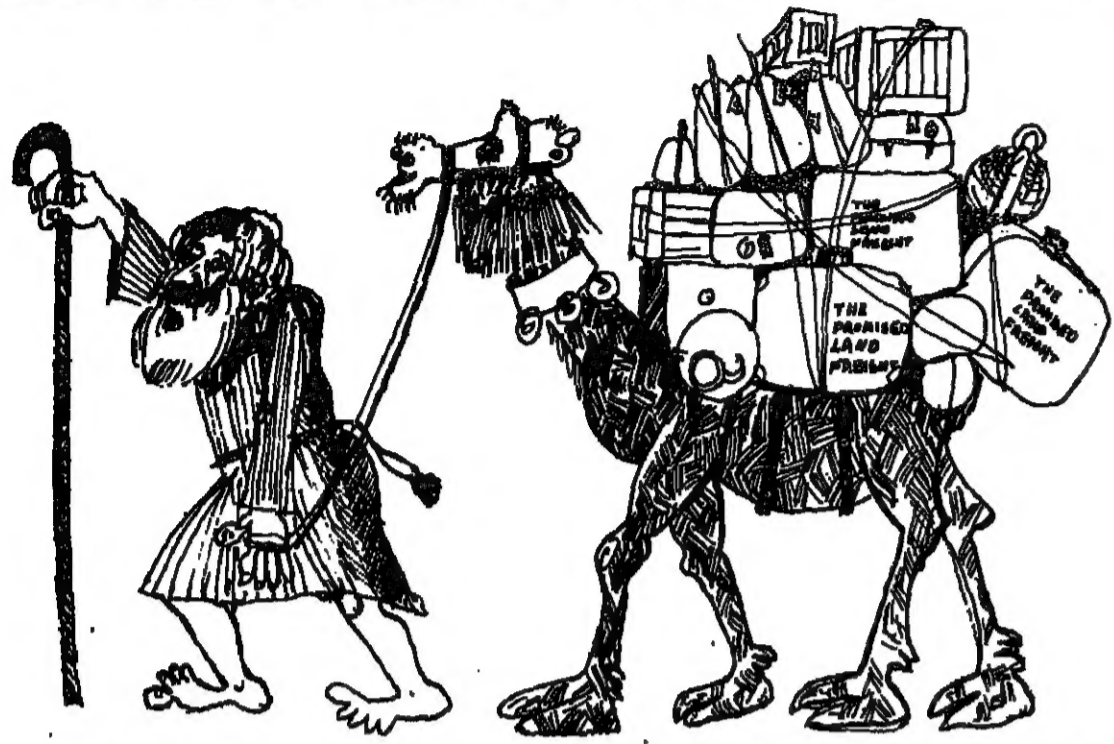
Any visitor can thus get to grips with Efrat's objects without any difficulty if he approaches the show without trying to compare it to his past experience with more traditional works (how quickly abstract painting became "traditional"). A steel plate suspended from the wall at a terrifying angle throws a shadow that becomes part of the work. A rectangular plate a ton in weight, dropped with precision onto a bed of foam-rubber columns, defines a whole new form which rears up in tension. A steel cable winds its way like a snake through an artery cut in the face of three plates of marble. A gigantic black "x" grows out of the picture frame and right up the wall. The latter is symbolic of this artist's efforts to go beyond the confines of tradition. Next to it, a bar of light is projected on the wall and punctuated with black tape.

Nevertheless, Efrat's visual and mental puns are like verbal puns, based on traditional language. He still makes varied references to framed pictures and has produced a brilliant serological pun on aligned multiples and echelons: 64 panels each numbered up 1/54 2/54 3/54 etc., until the last panel is full up at 54/54. What makes the work even more intriguing is the fact that each panel has the ghost of all the numbers inherent in it, for they are all printed in intaglio, waiting to be filled in.



A now-famous Efrat image, all hundreds of metres of canvas went into this "canvas-on-canvas" collage, a detail of which is shown at right. Efrat wants \$90,000 for it and if there are no buyers, he will use it as drainage despite the great cost of the construction of this unusual "tapesty" to fit the Museum wall. (Continued on next page)

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Alex Berlyne reviews the week's television

# MAUGHAM MASOCHISM

THERE'S a fine old tradition of anti-Semitism in English literature which the shining example of George Elliot hardly dents. One of its subtler modern practitioners was that white-haired boy of the lending libraries and of Israel Television, "Willie" Somerset Maugham.

Some time ago we were treated to "Quartet," a feature film which included an episode based on "The Alien Corn." In this story, the central figures, an assimilated Anglo-Jewish family, are somehow both sensitive and gross, both English and foreign, both crassly materialistic and irritatingly artistic, while Willie manages to convey his well-bred disgust at their coarse physical characteristics.

Last week's film choice was Somerset Maugham's "Trio." One of the stories "Mr. Know-All," enabled Nigel Patrick to caricature a pushy Jew in the style beloved of Edwardian Music-Hall. The story line itself was shamelessly lifted from de Maupassant, while that of another episode, "The Verger," oddly enough, originated in an ancient Yiddish tale about a shammash.

It must be said in his favour that he was a born story-teller and a first-rate craftsman, and worked at a time when both these qualities had fallen into disrepute. He suffered critical indifference in consequence.

Why, though, is he so popular at Television House? There seems to be a streak of masochism involved, since I remember being stunned by one of the first programmes on the Jewish television station, the Don Cossack Ensemble. May we look forward to the massed bands of the SS? We had to make do in the meantime with the July Plot against Hitler, the theme of a BBC play on Tuesday. The production was a bit shabby but that was hardly the reason for the complete lack of empathy

at least one viewer felt with the doomed conspirators and their so-long-delayed attempt to remove Hitler. Despite the fact that an ex-Wehrmacht officer is now Secretary-General of the U.N., no amount of whitewash can obscure the words of General Beck, who wrote in 1937: "The responsibility for what is to come rests almost exclusively with the Army. There is no avoiding this fact."

In another excellent Kenneth Clark programme on Wednesday, ranging effortlessly and with tremendous erudition over scenic paintings from Giorgione to Samuel Palmer, we were shown clearly how form and content are inextricably linked. Perhaps this gave some food for thought to those devotees of the Abu Ghosh Church Music concerts, now transplanted, who have happily managed to dissociate the form of Christian liturgical music away from its content for years now without any apparent difficulty.

Friday night's Hebrew play "Packages from America" came as a pleasant surprise. Well-acted, by Miriam Cohen-Berstein in the main role, ably supported by Avraham Mor and Fanny Lubitch, the play was well-mounted and imaginatively photographed. Even more surprising, when the credits appeared, was the name of the producer-director, Eneek Perl. This veteran announcer, best known perhaps for his doom-laden delivery of even the most trivial news items, has made an excellent start in his new career. Here and there it lagged a bit and *did I* imagine that the dead old lady's finger twitched just before the end? Let's hope for some lighter fare from the Friday night programmers, though. However well presented these grief-laden plays are, they hardly serve to assuage the cares and worries of the week. We do need some relaxation.

THE inquiring visitor to Television House might find Dr. Johnson's description of a dog walking on its hind legs appropriate: "It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all." The fact that programmes do emerge out of the confusion and emerge regularly is well-nigh incredible. It is too much to expect a high standard into the bargain. Everyone there complained to me of the lack of planning and coordination of last-minute makeshift solutions and shoe-string budgets. Even more universal were the claims and counter-claims of "lack of communication" — and this in the country's largest communications centre. To anyone familiar with Government offices it all had a very familiar ring.

I found the subject of telepathy as an administrative procedure old hat and reverted to my main theme. Why is the whole concept of television in Israel so relentlessly verbal, except for the canned imports? True, we are the People of the Book, but as McLuhan has pointed out, television is not "merely a degraded form of print technology." We must learn to handle this new medium according to its own logic. It may be perfectly acceptable to write a news item saying "Mr. Heath attended a meeting of the EEC in Brussels" but to imagine that its visual equivalent is to show Mr. Heath getting out of a limousine and running up the steps of a public building is to be very wide of the mark. Yet we are shown this sort of thing night after night on "Mabat." Even though this is the sort of pictorial snot-pudding the news agencies supply, a little imagination could use, say, archive material on the Common Market to complement the words.

It is clear that the people concerned with the visual aspects

of television production — the set-designers, prop-men and graphic artists, as well as cameramen — do understand the medium but, they complain, the programme directors underestimate the importance of their contribution. This is an old story. Lee Garbins, one of Hollywood's best photographers, has said "very few directors know anything about the uses of light." Their main concern has been what the actors say and how they say it, as if they were working in radio rather than film.



Born story-teller, master craftsman, subtle anti-Semite — Somerset Maugham.

THE Minister of Defence faced a rather diffident panel of newsmen on "Moked" on Monday night and handled them with consummate ease. The rows of newsmen, all apparently wearing their Sabbath suits and most respectable ties, faced a shirt-sleeved Moshe Dayan as if they were new boys at school. This provided a startling contrast to the usual "Moked," where a snarling pre-k nap at the heels of their distinguished victim. The only dissenter was the young lady from "Al Hamishmar," who suggested Mr. Dayan might draw "personal conclusions" (i.e. resign) from various Army mishaps which have occupied the front pages lately. She was neat and almost painlessly dispatched. The regular Donnybrook formula was, however, missing, as was that fine old tradition of Israeli journalism which holds that an interviewer who doesn't trap his subject into a five-year jail sentence isn't worth his salt.

Following the phenomenal success of "The Saint," Roger Moore, now a pot-holed on T-shirts, began a new series, "The Persuaders," on Monday. Changing his hair for a coronet, Moore plays Lord Brett Sinclair and is teamed with Tony Curtis, called this time Danny Wilde but

more or less playing himself: a rough diamond from the Bronx, and some sort of financial whiz-kid. As a combination, it works very well. Each acts as a foil to the other and a good deal of seemingly *ad lib* comedy is created as the two reluctant heroes bumble through various thriller situations. It is all a great deal glossier than "The Saint" and Roger Moore, perhaps because he's a little older and leaner, seems to have completely cast off the faint aura of Billy Bunter "the Fat Owl of the Remove" which occasionally clung to him in the previous series.

I'm afraid that the death of ex-King Talal has cast a pall on Jerusalemite viewers of Jordan TV. We won't have an acceptable alternative till the mourning period is over, and normal programming is resumed.

thing about switching the national anthem off in the middle. It shows a lack of respect, she says, but she didn't tell me whether she stood at attention in her nightgown on the bed waiting for the final flourish of the drums or whether she actually violated one of her own principles for a change.)

### Ze'ev Schul reviews sound broadcasting

## Wasted afternoons

FIRST verse: "Oh Yoko, in the middle of a cloud my love for you will turn me on."

Second verse: "O Yoko, in the middle of a dream my love for you will turn me on."

By the third verse I was thoroughly turned off, even if the presentation was by none other than Yossi Banai (2.10 p.m. last Friday).

Author, composer and all the rest was of course, none other than Yoko's ever-adoring husband, ex-Beatle John Lennon whose all-consuming passion for his Japanese wife and new expressions of so-called art continue to be foisted off on an unsuspecting public from time to time. Sometimes the Lennons are really outrageous. Me, they just bore.

I mention the Yoko turnpike because this was the second time running — as a matter of fact, the second time in 48 hours — that I had sacrificed my siesta with nothing to show for it. Take before, a Thursday, 2.05 p.m. and a programme intriguingly called "Ping-Pong" — a regular Rivka Michaeli feature. Now Rivka can get me out of bed any time of the day or night. Thursday she unfortunately had laryngitis and started off by saying that she would have spent most of the programme listening anyway. A silent Rivka is about as practical as a fiddle without strings.

Mind you, I am not a jealous person, and I don't begrudge Miss Michaeli her passion for one Quincy Jones, who might never have known who Quincy Jones was (in all innocence — I thought he was the Bad Man in a "B" Western) until I saw his byline on some music credit after "Iron-side." If Quincy Jones is some latter-day Armstrong, and this

programme was all about him, we should have been entitled to some explanation. I checked up: the average Israeli (who doesn't read the credits on "Iron-side" instalments) can't tell one Jones from the other, and also has only vague notions concerning the subtleties and nature of Blues, Rock and Soul, let alone the instrumentation of same. I came away with the feeling that Miss Michaeli was talking way over and around our heads, ignoring and around our heads, little blaring TV sets. Which was all blues-rock-cum-soul orgy-porgy.

Why not tag a little addendum to the programme schedule informing us ahead of time that this is for the initiated only — "For non-Adults under forty," or whatever the case may be.

What Miss Michaeli can do when she is in a more benign mood was demonstrated in her masterful interview Sunday with the Parvarim duo.

CALEBI Zahal, still on the prowl for the new and different came out with another edition of "This Annoys Me" (Wednesday, 6.05 p.m.). It annoyed me too.

"Moskka" Shalev, former Ministry of Agriculture spokesman (who recently gave birth to his first book on financial scandals in Israel), came out with a real top heavy one — "The Centralism Dominating Our Lives" — not forgetting to mention his book, which look up the same topic. I thought free advertising

was strictly forbidden on the radio.

Bruria Avidan (sorry, I might have said "The" or "Miss" or "The Celebrated," had she been properly introduced) aired some ancient gripes against drivers and how the men were grabbing all the loot (taxwise) while the working women were the downtrodden ones. (Not that I disagree with that. Moshe Avidan complained about the sorrowful state of Israel's public conveniences and blaring TV sets. Which was all very fine and justified, but there were no helpful hints or suggestions forthcoming. So what was the point of all this — have us nod our heads and sigh in agreement? We also ended up by being annoyed. Less by the complaints, though, which we gather about in privacy, than over the importance of this and similar programmes in general.

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### KUPAT HOLIM

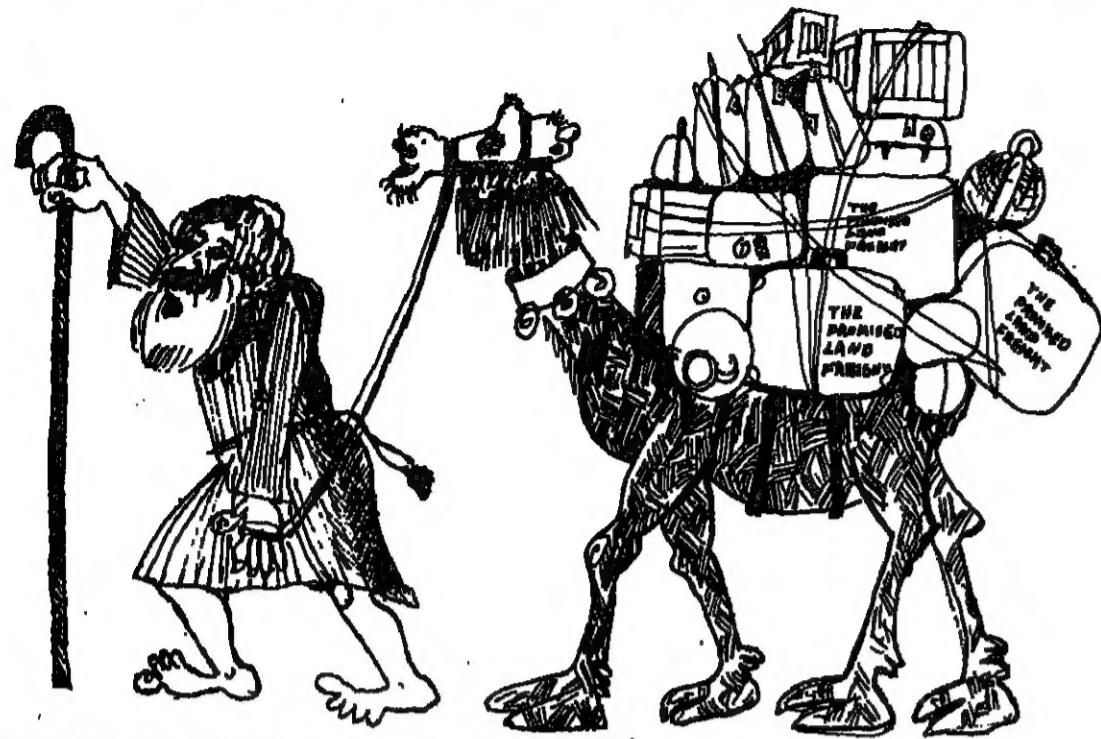
#### Purchasing and Supply Department

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YALAH Artist: Designer: Moshe Leshem

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- Please see us for detailed advice and excellent SERVICE.



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Watch for the announcement of the opening of our NEW FREIGHT DEPARTMENT in our Tel Aviv branch, 5 Rehov Shalom Aleichem

Alex Berlyne reviews the week's television

**MAUGHAM MASOCHISM**

THERE'S a fine old tradition of anti-Semitism in English literature which the shining example of George Eliot hardly dents. One of its subtler modern practitioners was that white-haired boy of the lending libraries and of Israel Television, "Willie" Somerset Maugham.

Some time ago we were treated to "Quartet," a feature film which included an episode based on "The Allen Corn." In this story, the central figures, an assimilated Anglo-Jewish family, are somehow both sensitive and gross, both English and foreign, both crassly materialistic and irritatingly artistic, while Willie manages to convey his well-bred disgust at their coarse physical characteristics.

Last week's film choice was Somerset Maugham's "Trio." One of the stories "Mr. Know-All," enabled Nigel Patrick to caricature a pushy Jew in the style beloved of Edwardian Music-Hall. The story line itself was shamelessly lifted from de Maupassant, while that of another episode, "The Verger," oddly enough, originated in an ancient Yiddish tale about a shamesmith.

It must be said in his favour that he was a born story-teller and a first-rate craftsman, and worked at a time when both these qualities had fallen into disrepute. He suffered critical indifference in consequence.

Why, though, is he so popular at Television House? There seems to be a streak of masochism involved, since I remember being stunned by one of the first programmes on the Jewish television station, the Don Corsock Ensemble. May we look forward to the massed ranks of the S.S.? We had to make do in the meantime with the July Plot against Hitler, the theme of a BBC play on Tuesday. The production was a bit shabby but that was hardly the reason for the complete lack of empathy

at least one viewer felt with the doomed conspirators, and their so-long-delayed attempt to remove Hitler. Despite the fact that an ex-Wehrmacht officer is now Secretary-General of the U.N., no amount of whitewash can obscure the words of General Beck, who wrote in 1937: "The responsibility for what is to come rests almost exclusively with the Army. There is no avoiding this fact."

In another excellent Kenneth Clark programme on Wednesday, ranging effortlessly and with tremendous erudition over scenic painting from Giorgione to Samuel Palmer, we were shown clearly how form and content are inextricably linked. Perhaps this gave some food for thought to those devotees of the Abu Ghosh Church Music concerts, now transplanted, who have happily managed to dissociate the form of Christian liturgical music away from its content for years now without any apparent difficulty.

Friday night's Hebrew play "Packages from America" came as a pleasant surprise. Well-acted, by Miriam Cohen-Bernstein in the main role, ably supported by Avraham Mor and Fanny Lubitsch, the play was well-mounted and imaginatively photographed. Even more surprising, when the credits appeared, was the name of the producer-director, Emek Perl. This veteran announcer, best known perhaps for his doom-laden delivery of even the most trivial news items, has made an excellent start in his new career. Here and there it lagged a bit and did I imagine that the dead old lady's finger twitched just before the end? Let's hope for some lighter fare from the Friday night programmers, though. However well presented these grief-laden epics are, they hardly serve to assuage the cares and worries of the week. We do need some relaxation.

THE inquiring visitor to Television House might find Dr. Johnson's description of a dog walking on its hind legs appropriate: "It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all." The fact that the grammes do emerge out of the confusion and emerge regularly is well-nigh incredible. It is too much to expect a high standard into the bargain. Everyone there complained to me of the lack of planning and coordination, of last-minute makeshift solutions and shoe-string budgets. Even more universal were the claims and counter-claims of "lack of communication" and this in the country's largest communications centre. To anyone familiar with Government offices it all had a very familiar ring.

I found the subject of telepathy as an administrative procedure old hat and reverted to my main theme. Why is the whole conceptualization of television in Israel so relentlessly verbal, except for the canned imitations? True, we are the People of the Book, but as McLuhan has pointed out, television is not "merely a degraded form of print technology." We must learn to handle this new medium according to its own logic. It may be perfectly acceptable to write a news item saying "Mr. Heath attended a meeting of the EEC in Brussels" but to imagine that its visual equivalent is to show Mr. Heath getting out of a limousine and running up the steps of a public building is to be very wide of the mark. Yet we are shown this sort of thing night after night on "Maba" and "The Sani." Bigger pictorial snot-pudding the news agencies supply, a little imagination could use, say, archive material on the Common Market to complement the visual aspects

of television production — the set-designers, prop-men and graphic artists, as well as cameramen — do understand the medium but, they complain, the programme directors underestimate the importance of their contribution. This is an old story. Lee Garmes, one of Hollywood's best photographers, has said "very few directors know anything about the uses of light." Their main concern has been what the actors say and how they say it, as if they were working in radio rather than film.

THE Minister of Defence faced a rather diffident panel of newsmen on "Moked" on Monday night and handled them with consummate ease. The rows of newsmen, all apparently wearing their Sabbath suits and most respectable ties, faced a shirt-sleeved Moshe Dayan as if they were new boys at school. This provided a startling contrast to the usual "Moked," where a snarling pook snap at the heels of their distinguished victim. The only dissenter was the young lady from "Al Hamishmar" who suggested "The Sani" might draw "personal conclusions" (i.e. resign) from various Army mishaps which have occupied the front pages lately. She was neatly and almost painlessly dispatched. The regular Donnybrook formula was, however, missing, as was that fine old tradition of Israeli journalism which holds that an interviewer who doesn't trap his subject into a five-year jail sentence isn't worth his salt. Following the phenomenal success of "The Sani," Roger Moore, now a pot head, based on T-shirts, began a new series, "The Jerusalemite viewors of Jordan TV." We won't have an acceptable alternative till the mourning period is over, and normal programming is resumed.



Born story-teller, master craftsman, subtle anti-Semite — Somerset Maugham.

more or less playing himself: a rough diamond from the Bronx, and some sort of financial whiz-kid. As a combination, it works very well. Each acts as a foil to the other and a good deal of seemingly odd humour is created as the two reluctant heroes bumble through various thriller situations. It is all a great deal glossier than "The Sani" and Roger Moore, perhaps because he's a little older and leaner, seems to have completely cast off the faint aura of Billy Bunter "the Fat Owl of the Remove" which occasionally clung to him in the previous series.

The story that the death of King Talal has cast a pall on Jerusalemite viewors of Jordan TV. We won't have an acceptable alternative till the mourning period is over, and normal programming is resumed.

thing about switching the national anthem off in the middle. It shows a lack of respect, she says, but she didn't tell me whether she stood at attention in her nightgown on the bed waiting for the final flourish of the drums or whether she actually violated one of her own principles for a change.)

Ze'ev Schul reviews sound broadcasting

**Wasted afternoons**

FIRST verse: "Oh Yoko, in the middle of a cloud my love for you will turn me on."  
 Second verse: "O Yoko, in the middle of a dream my love for you will turn me on."  
 By the third verse I was thoroughly turned off, even if the presentation was by none other than Yossi Bazal (2.10 p.m. last Friday).

Author, composer and all the rest was, of course, none other than Yoko's ever-adoring husband, ex-Beatle John Lennon whose all-consuming passion for his Japanese wife and new expression of so-called art combined to be foisted off on an unsuspecting public from time to time. Sometimes the Lennons are really outrageous. Me, they just bore.

I mention the Yoko turnpike because this was the second time running — as a matter of fact, the second time in 48 hours — that I had sacrificed my siesta with nothing to show for it. Take (the Second Programme) the day before, a Thursday, 3.05 p.m. and a programme intriguingly called "Ping-Pong" — a regular Rivka Michalevitch. Now Rivka can get me out of bed any time of the day or night. Thursday she unfortunately had laryngitis and started off by saying that she would have spent most of the programme listening anyway. A silent Rivka is about as practical as a fiddle without strings.

Mind you, I am not a jealous person, and I don't begrudge Miss Michalevitch her passion for one Quincy Jones. I might never have known who Quincy Jones was (in all innocence — I thought he was the Bad Man in a "B" Western) until I saw his byline on some music credit after "Ironside." If Quincy Jones is some latter-day Armstrong, and this

programme was all about him, we should have been entitled to some explanation. I checked up the average Israeli (who doesn't read the credits on "Ironside") can't tell one Jones from the other, and also has only vague notions concerning the subtleties and nature of Blues, Rock and Soul, let alone the instrumentation of same. I came away with the feeling that Miss Michalevitch was talking way over and around our heads, ignoring her audience in her private little blues-rock-cum-soul orgy-porgy.

Why not tag a little addendum to the programme schedule informing us ahead of time that this is for the initiated only — "For non-Adults under forty," or whatever the case may be? What Miss Michalevitch can do when she is in a more benign mood was demonstrated in her masterful interview Sunday with the Parvarim duo.

was strictly forbidden on the radio. Bruria Avidan (sorry, I might have said "The" or "Miss" or "The Celebrated," had she been properly introduced) aired some ancient gripes against drivers and how the men were grabbing all the loot (taxwise) while the working women were the downtrodden ones. (Not that I disagree with some of the points she made.) Then a Moshe Avidan complained about the sorrowful state of Israel's public conveniences and blaring TV sets. Which was all very fine and justified, but there were no helpful hints or suggestions forthcoming. So what was the point of all this — have us nod our heads and sigh in agreement? We also ended up by being annoyed. Less by the complaints, though, which we grieve about in privacy, than over the impotence of this and similar programmes in general.

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הכרזת ארבעה

# WHAT'S ON

## Plant a Tree in Israel

Free tours for planters to the hills of Judea leave every Monday and Wednesday from Tel Aviv. For details and registration, call: National Fund, 10-12 Rehov Dov Katznel, Tel Aviv, Tel. 24227, 24104; Rehov King George, corner Rehov Keren Kayemet, Tel. 2251, in Tel Aviv - 25 Rehov Hayarkon, opp. Dan Hotel, Tel. 24448.

## ALL WEEK IN JERUSALEM

- Israel Museum: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10 a.m.-8 p.m.; Tues., Shrine of the Book, 10 a.m.-10 p.m.; Tues., Museum, 4 p.m.-10 p.m.; Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-2 p.m.
- Hebraea: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10 a.m.-8 p.m.; Tues., Shrine of the Book, 10 a.m.-10 p.m.; Tues., Museum, 4 p.m.-10 p.m.; Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-2 p.m.
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visiting hours: Sun., Mon., Tues., Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Wed. 10 a.m.-8 p.m. Fri. 10 a.m.-1 p.m. Saturday and holidays 10 a.m.-2 p.m.

## LASKY PLANETARIUM

Daily presentation from 11:30 a.m., Tues. also at 7:15 p.m. Closed on Saturday and holidays

## Y.A.P.O., 10 Rehov Mifratz Shalom MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES: TEL AVIV-YAFO

visiting hours: Sun., Mon., Tues., Thurs. 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Fri. 10 a.m.-7 p.m. Sat. 10 a.m.-3 p.m.

## TEMPORARY EXHIBITIONS:

GLASS MUSEUM: Painting and sculpture on glass, "ENOVA" KADMAN NUMISMATIC MUSEUM: Primitive Money MUSEUM OF CERAMICS: Binar, Nora and Naomi. MUSEUM OF ETHNOGRAPHY AND FOLKLORE: Shavrut Paper Cuts.

Samson and Delilah 8:30 p.m., TEL AVIV.

## the Israel museum, Jerusalem THIS WEEK AT THE MUSEUM

Sun. through Thurs. 4-8:30 p.m. Sun., Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri. 10:30 a.m. Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed. 4:30 p.m. Sunday, July 16, 1972 4:30 p.m.

Demonstration of silk-printing in the Ami Shavit Exhibition

Benni Efrat Films

Organs: Aml Shavit, Hebraea, 2251, Tel Aviv.

## EXHIBITIONS:


Benni Efrat (Sportus Hall) Ami Shavit: From the Object to the Print (Library Hall) Avigdor Stematzky: Paintings 1939-1972 (Gruss and Goldman Halls) Sculptors as Draughtsmen and Printmakers (Goldman-Schwartz Hall) Jules Pascal: Watercolours and Drawings from the Museum's Collection (Cohen Hall) Creative Works by Children and Games (Youth Wing) Puppets (Youth Wing)

\* SPECIAL EXHIBIT: Ramban's personal seal

## SPECIAL EXHIBITION AT ROCKEFELLER:

Tomb Offerings from Gezer

YOUTH WING: Registration for 1972/3 classes: 24-31 July - Museum Members; August - Non-Members 10 a.m.-1 p.m. and 2-4 p.m. (except Tuesdays) at the Youth Wing Office.



## This week at the Tel Aviv Museum

THE NEW BUILDING (27-29 Sd. Shaul Hamelech, Tel. 267861)

### EXHIBITIONS:

Marcel Janco - Retrospective and Dada (Zacks Hall) Israel Painting and Sculpture - (Meyerhoff Hall) Picasso: 200 Graphic Works (Hall No. 3) Kinetic Art - Special Exhibit: Model of Protein, built by Dr. H. Stone (Haft Hall)

### THE MUSEUM COLLECTIONS (Jaglom Hall)

GUIDED TOURS: English: daily at 11:30 a.m. (except Sat.)

LIBRARY: The Helena Rubinstein Art Library is open Sun.-Thurs. 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-7 p.m., Fri. 10 a.m.-1 p.m. (New Building)

### THE HELENA RUBINSTEIN PAVILION

6 Rehov Tarsat, Tel. 282196

EXHIBITION: ENDRE NEMES (STOCKHOLM) closing tomorrow, Sat., July 15.

Paintings - Collages - Mixed Media - Graphic Works Selected Works from the Youth Workshops of the Museum.

From Sunday, July 16, the Helena Rubinstein pavilion will be temporarily closed for renovations.

### EVENTS (Maly Kaufmann Hall, New Building, at 8:30 p.m.)

Tues., July 18:  
FILM "The Damned ("Eva") - (Great Britain/France-1968) Director: Joseph Losey - with Jeanne Moreau and Stanley Baker (English spoken; Heb. transl.)

N.B.: The Museum is closed on Thursday, July 20 (Tisha b'Av).

visiting hours: Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday: 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-7 p.m.; Tuesday: 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-10 p.m. Friday: 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; Saturday: 7-11 p.m.

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## BATSHEVA Dance Company

As part of the Israel Music and Drama Festival 1972

HEBRONIA, "Keren", Tuesday, July 18, at 8:30  
HAIFA, "Municipal Theatre", Thursday, July 27, at 8:30  
JERUSALEM, "Binyanei Ha'Ooma", Saturday, July 29, at 8:30  
SHAAR HANEGER, "Amphi", Monday, July 31, at 9

Tickets: Bevrabeha, "Hanava"; Haifa, "Nora"; Jerusalem, "Cabana".

# Israel Theatres

<b>Habimah</b> A BOG'S WILL Comedy Tel Aviv, Large Hall Sat., July 15, 8:30 Sun., July 16, 8:30 Mon., July 17, 8:30 Tue., July 18, 8:30 Thur., July 20, 8:30 Sat., July 22, 8:30	<b>Haifa Municipal Theatre</b> HEFEZ "Excellent music!" A Zivah, "Dava" Haifa, Sat., July 15 Sun., July 16 Mon., July 17 Tue., July 18 Thur., July 22	<b>The Cameri Theatre</b> Premiere A SUMMER CELEBRATION by Nathan Alterman Tel Aviv, Sat., July 15 Sun., July 16 Mon., July 17 Tue., July 18 Thur., July 20
<b>PICNIC FOR TWO</b> Comedy Tel Aviv, Small Hall Sat., July 15, 8:30 Sun., July 16, 8:30 Tue., July 18, 8:30	<b>Mifal Oznani La'am Carmiel</b> In cooperation with the Cameri Theatre THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE Haifa, Thurs., July 20 Cameri Theatre performance YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU Haifa, Mon., July 24 Tue., July 25	<b>Mifal Oznani La'am Dimona</b> THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE Comedy Haifa, Thurs., July 20 Tel Aviv, Sat., July 22
<b>Me. SHEFI'S INDEPENDENCE NIGHT</b> Mifal Oznani La'am Carmiel Mon., July 17 Tel Aviv, Small Hall Thur., July 20, 8:30 Tel Aviv, Large Hall Wed., July 26, 8:30	<b>SHORTLY THE TREASURE</b> by Shalom Aleichem Join the lead theatre audience!	<b>Haifa Theatre Performance HEFEZ</b> Tel Aviv, Wed., July 26 Thur., July 27

Box office open: 4-8 p.m.

## The American Folk Ballet

THE REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN FOLK DANCE TROUPE

NAHARIYA, HOD, tonight, July 14, 9:00  
SAFAD, TSLIL, Sat., July 15, 7:45 and 9:45

TEL AVIV, DEKEL  
Sun., July 16, 7:30 and 9:45  
Tue., July 18, 7:30 and 9:45  
Sun., July 23, 7:30 and 9:45

SHA'AE HANEGER, AMPHI, Mon., July 17, 9:00  
NETANYA, SHARON, Thurs., July 20, 9:00

EMEK YIZBAEL, MIKHAL, Fri., July 21, 9:00  
JERUSALEM, BINYENI HA'OOMA, Sat., July 22, 8:30  
YAQUR, YAD LAMEGINIM, Tues., July 25, 9:00  
HAIFA, ARMON, Wed., July 26, 7:15 and 9:30

TICKETS: Tel Aviv, Rococo, 93 Rehov Dizengoff, Tel. 228663.

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## THIS WEEK AT THE ISRAEL FESTIVAL

### THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

Conductor: DANIEL BARENBOIM

Soloists: Sheila Armstrong, soprano - Rena Samsonov, mezzo soprano - Hillel Ginter Reich, baritone - The Scottish National Orchestra Chorus from Glasgow  
Chorus Master: John Currie.

PROGRAMME:  
Sergei Prokofiev - Dedication - World Premiere  
Johannes Brahms - Requiem  
JERUSALEM: July 15 - Binyanei Ha'Ooma, 8:30 p.m.  
TEL AVIV: July 17 - Mann Auditorium, 8:30 p.m.

### THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

"SAMSON AND DELILAH"  
Opera by Ch. C. Saint Saens  
CAENNA: July 10, 18, 22, 24 & 26, 8:30 p.m.

### THE CAMERI THEATRE

"A Summer Celebration"  
by Nathan Alterman  
JERUSALEM: July 17 - The Municipal Theatre  
TEL AVIV: July 18 - Cameri Theatre 8:30 p.m.

### THE BATSHEVA DANCE COMPANY

HEBRONIA: July 18 - Keren Hall  
HAIFA: July 27 - The Municipal Theatre  
JERUSALEM: July 29 - Binyanei Ha'Ooma  
SHAAR HANEGER: July 31 - Regional Amphitheatre

# THE ISRAEL FESTIVAL 1972



## Inbal Dance Theatre

NIMROD AND THE GOAT

Choreography: RINA SHARIT  
Music: ALBERT PIAMANTA  
Costumes: DAVID SEARD

From the Press:  
"An absolutely refreshing and enjoyable creation"  
"The opening scene is exceptionally beautiful"  
"The performance of the difficult parts is full of life"  
Gloria Manor, "Al Hahshmar"  
Dora Sowden "Yedloth Ahronoth"

TEL AVIV, Beit Arloszor (Ohel) Monday, July 17, 8:30 • Monday, July 31, 8:30

E.D.F., Thursday, July 20  
Kiryat Sefer, Monday, July 24

SAFAD, Tuesday, July 25 in conjunction with the Chastide Festival with the

Every Wednesday at the Khan, JERUSALEM Chamber Performance

